

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Faith healing in  
the Philippines

# Maclean's

FEBRUARY 8, 1982

\$1.00

## HIGH TECH'S NEW STARS

Mitel's Michael Cowpland







## Reagan shines on

Despite the valley of assassins' bulletholes at U.S. President Reagan this year by John Hinkley Jr., the Democrats and left-wing media people, he's come shining through (*Reagan's New America*, Cover, Jan. 25). I only wish I could be as optimistic about my native Canada and our "president-for-life," Trudeau. I wish there had a close to be our PM.

—JACKIE BENNETT,  
Vancouver

Congratulations for bringing Mr. Lewis Lapham to us (*Reagan's New America*). Let's hope he will become a regular contributor.

—LOUISIANA LINDA,  
Vancouver

## Maggie's search can cease

If, as Margaret Trudeau states, "newspapers are just good for wrapping garbage" (*People*, Jan. 22), then I think it should be absolutely clear to her that her "pursuit of literature" has found its own level. Her "search for my own truth" can now cease. Why does your magazine continue to give space to this twist?

—S. NORMAN COUGHLIN,  
Burnaby, B.C.

## Religious truth or fiction

Your recent article of *Jesus and the Holy Ghost* (Belgian, Jan. 10) demonstrates that there is nothing new under the sun. Its apparently shocking allegations have in fact appeared throughout the history of the church, only, it is



Reagan has survived a valley of shoes

rejected, as they initially were, on the basis of careful historical investigation and examination. To state that "the fathers of the early church covered interests of ecclesiastical consistency and power" is to cast an indefensible, unhistorical and ultimately hysterical shot at what was a serious attempt to differentiate between truth and fiction.

—DAN VETTER,  
Peelville, Ont.

## Beyond Quebec City

For a magazine that considers itself a national one, *Maclean's* certainly manages to leave a sizable portion of the country off the map. In speaking of the Maritimes, of course. Being a "have-not" region does not make us "are-not."

provinces. We referred to Calgary Mayor Ralph Klein's comments concerning "Eastern towns" etc. as if they were only directed at Quebec (*People*, Jan. 20). "Eastern" includes more than that province. And, when you wrote about the cold winter the southeast is experiencing, you said Ontario was the worst-hit province with blizzards and temperatures as low as -20 C (World, Jan. 25). The Maritimes have also endured record-low temperatures, some below -30 C. Wake up and realize that Canada does not end at Quebec City.

—MARY ANDRE VAN NORTWAND,  
Fredericton

## The rewards of legal aid

I take exception to criminal lawyer Bruce Bier's opinion of the rewards of legal aid in Ontario (*Public Defenders Negotiate a New Brand of Justice*, Jan. 20). I suppose I should be grateful that his "penalty" of \$300 per year (equal to more than \$70,000 per year) is more than twice as high as mine as a civil service prosecutor professional?

—HELEN ELIOTT,  
Ottawa

## No price on heroism

Regarding your story Death Wish on the *Province* (World, Jan. 20) it irks me if you quote people's salaries when they have absolutely no bearing on the story itself, such as Mr. Skutumpah's "\$14,000-a-year retainer." The man jumped into an icy river to save a woman's life, plus went missing. What is the name of good journalism: does his salary have to do with that?

—D. J. SIMMONS,  
Thompson, Man.

## PASSAGES



**BANDREEN** Hard-nosed Robert Bandeen, 51, ex-president and chief executive officer of Canadian National Railways. Under Bandeen's eight-year control, the Crown corporation has turned from a chronically deficit-ridden railway into a profit-oriented transportation conglomerate. Bandeen has refused to discuss his departure, but he is rumored to be unhappy with the government's involvement in the firm.

**AND** Bruce Lindsay, 32, the outspoken Liberal MP for the Ontario riding of Timiskaming, of injuries sustained in a head-on collision with a north-bound Bay. The popular farmer mayor of Cobalt, Ont., was elected to Parliament in the 1980 federal election. A critical member of his own party, Lindsay was asked at a Christmas gathering last year what

he wanted from Rome. His response, made only inches from Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau, was "A new budget."

**AND** Filipino faith healer Antonio Agapao, who attracted many Canadians to his centre north of Manila, of a cerebral hemorrhage. Steven Cavallaro, a writer that the religious healer was being treated in hospital after suffering a stroke, died last week in a fiery collision with a tourist bus (page 48).



**AND** Stanley Bellows, 51, who created the role of Elton Doolittle's father in *My Fair Lady*, in a nursing home in Sussex, England. Bellows' more than 70 years as an entertainer began when he was a boy soprano on the London stage, and included mime, vaudeville and film. He once said he had performed in everything but "ballerina and grand opera."



**FEATHERED** Brother André (1846 to 1937), a Roman Catholic lay brother, by Pope John Paul II, and May 23 in Rome. He was declared "venerable" the first step toward sainthood in 1978, and his new title "Blessed," brings him closer to the final stage of canonization. Brother André has been credited with miraculously curing hundreds of handicapped people and inspired the construction of the monumental St. Joseph's Oratory in Montreal, where his heart rests.

**APPOINTED** James Miller, 47, ex-publisher of *Maclean's*. Formerly associate publisher and director of advertising, the Scotch-born Miller has been with the magazine since 1969. The appointment was announced by Lloyd Rodgerson, *Maclean's* Hunter group vice-president, magazine division, who preceded Miller in the position.

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## Fuel to the metric fire

I will not buy the "grin and bear it" philosophy of Metric Canada's public relations unit. Peter McDuffie's *Exorcising the Last Kilo of Pish*, Canada, Jan. 10. This is something on which we should have had a national referendum. Instead, the metric system was sneakily smuggled through the parliamentary safe door by its order-in-council. Now, the cost of at least \$100 million in retail and grocery store conversion will be borne by the consumer and taxpayer. Stop metric now, or at least postpone it until the bigger nations adopt it.

—BOB MARTIN,  
Vancouver

Your article about metric conversion was just what we needed—more negativity and confusion. By introducing such "metric" terms as tola, webel and joule (these probably should be spelled with a c), you are only adding to the confusion. It is time to add unnecessary fuel to the fire.

—ROSE A. FLECHNER,  
London, Ont.

## Foreign students in Canada

Your story on foreign students (Education, Jan. 11) helps perpetuate an unfortunate one-sided myth about the costs of university education. At no point do you mention the thousands of Canadians still obtaining university education outside Canada. What does the current balance sheet look like? More important, you ignore our historic debt to other countries during the first century of Canada's existence. Until the 1960s,

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\$300-million metric conversion smokes

we did not have the high-quality institutions and expertise needed to educate and train Canadians. We sent our young people to doctors to other countries, and in particular to Britain and the United States. Many, if not most, received handsome financial help from the host countries or from foundations and trusts in the host countries.

—D.A. ROSEMAN,  
Kingston, Ont.

Regarding your story on foreign students, the main point at issue is the absence of any coherent national policy toward these students in Canada. Aside from Quebec, no other government—provincial or federal—has tried to make sense of how foreign students are treated here. None of this is made clear in your article.

—JAMES H. HARRIS,  
Executive Director,  
Canadian Bureau for International  
Education,  
Ottawa

## A special award of appreciation

I have talked to people in the know in Vernon, Man., and both of us agree that Allan Fotheringham's suggestion that John Turner make a wise decision not to settle in Windsor is deserving of a special award of appreciation (Column, Jan. 11). First prize is a weekend for two in Vernon. Second prize is two weekends for two.

—G. THORNTON,  
Vernon, Man.

## The thirst for freedom

In your Jan. 4 issue, the editorial about Andre Sakharov's triumph states that "the thirst for freedom is insatiable." Yet Canada's repeated flouting of the US Human Rights Commission did not merit editorial comment in your story about Larry Perschke (Over Mire's Flight Not to Go Home, Canada's Pish).

may, a black militant, has been buried in the Canadian penitentiary system for five years. He has been denied the usual deportation rights in a country where the ordinary general is empowered by an order-in-council to "establish, administer and operate civilian restraint camps" and encourage the removal "recruitment of high school students as informers." Where are you when we really need you?

—CLAUDE RICHMOND,  
North Burnaby, B.C.

## Banning, cutting in Ontario

Thank you for your film review on *Beau Pire* (Film, Jan. 11). It is sad that we in Ontario will not have a chance to view the film, but at least we are being informed about what is being kept from our fragile eyes. With the banning of *Beau Pire* and *Prote Delys* and the cutting of *The Tin Drum*, it appears that the Ontario Censor Board has taken its power past scenes of sex and violence and is now censoring subjects!

—VANCE RUFFLEY,  
Kitchener, Ont.

I was angered by Lawrence O'Toole's review of the movie *May-December* for which he states that the rest of Canada will be "sniggering" at Ontario for banning what is essentially a movie about a "May-December romance." He writes that, although the young woman in the film is only 16, this portmanteau "isn't really shocking since many of our grandmothers were married at 14." While *May-December* romance exists, this relationship is between a man and his totally dependent 14-year-old stepdaughter is incest. Furthermore, if some of our grandmothers may have been married at 14, they certainly could not, at least in Canada, have married their stepdaughters.

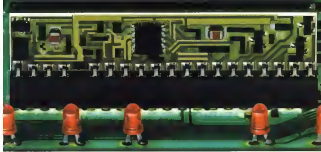
—NITA M. CRAIG,  
Toronto

## Xenophobic hysteria

As a former Albertan, I am appalled and outraged at the comments made by Mayor Ralph Klein in reference to the influx of newcomers to Calgary (People, Jan. 10). Xenophobia is not a sickness, but Canadians would do well at this time to be reminded of a particularly notorious example of xenophobic hysteria found in the form of the Ku Klux Klan. The same type of simplistic and volatile sentiments spawning forth from the south of Calgary's highest civic official is incomprehensible.

—MARCO RUFFLEY,  
Toronto

Letters are edited and may be condensed. Writers should supply names, addresses and telephone numbers. Mail correspondence to: Letters to the Editor, Metrics magazine, 611 University Ave., Toronto, Ont. M5S 1A1.



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PODIUM

## Rubbing salt in Quebec's wounds



By Richard Clippingdale

Once more, Pierre Trudeau has "deflected" Quebec separatism—or, as we are told by his assistant, he is imposing the new constitution on the Quebecers over the heads of their elected government and legislature. He wants English-Canadians to believe that opposition to the constitution is Quebec separatism and ends with the separatists, for separatist reasons. This is a dangerous delusion. The fact is that thousands of moderate Quebec federalists—the very people who typed the scales for Canada in the 1960 referendum—are unrelentingly assailed by the Trudeau soap opera. It is driving them into the arms of the separatists en masse. A recent poll shows that 53 per cent of the province's voters now favor sovereignty-association, far more opposed the current constitutional terms. In that light, Mr. Trudeau

has interfered with the Quebec national assembly's exclusive control over language of education. Quebec historically has treated its language minority far more generously than have other provinces. In spite of the economy of Bill 101, this is still largely true. Recent policies show increasingly widespread support in Quebec for voluntary adoption of practically the same provisions that the new constitution will impose. The Quebecers now overwhelmingly believe that any Canadian citizen who have had their own schooling in English should be entitled to send their children to English schools. Such a movement against the separatists, that goodwill, strengthens anti-separatist feeling and adds to separatist support. The English minority in Quebec has nothing to gain from a supposed "protection" that helps drive Quebec from Canada. Who but hard-line Trudeaunists see any sense in undermining goodwill for the sake of some personal intransigence or political expediency?



The other provisions did not demand that, but merely accepted language arrangements for themselves. In time and culture, a future federalist government of Quebec perhaps even a separatist one under public pressure—might well do the same.

On both the financial and language issues we desperately need that time and consensus. Pierre Trudeau cannot bridge the gap he himself has opened as needlessly between federalism and the Quebecers. About the only useful contribution he can now make is to resign.

Other federal politicians and common leaders must do their best to make reconciliation possible. They must make a clear commitment that no constitutional amendments to reduce Quebec's powers without its consent will be sought until full agreement to an amending procedure has been reached. Further, there should be no actual exercise of any federal interference with Quebec's historic powers over language of education. Instead, voluntary action by Quebec should be encouraged. These two policies would go far to build immense strength in Quebec both for the constitution and for Confederation. That is how would leave the Parti Quebecois much more open to eventual defeat by a provincial federalist alternative. Thus, a farml's uncertainty by Quebec could follow. There is no other logical path to a real and lasting federal partnership that includes the Quebecers.

Such an approach will not be popular with those who think Canadian unity can survive squelching the province of Quebec and ignoring the most cherished assumptions of its people about their rights as "masters in their own house." That's Pierre Trudeau's point of view—and it could well be our only loss as our country. Better by far to remember Sir John A. Macdonald's advice to the Quebecers: "Treat them as a nation and they will act as a free people generally do—generously." In such treatment and such generosity lie the best hopes for a true renewal of Confederation.

Richard Clippingdale is director of the Institute of Canadian Studies of Carleton University, Ottawa. He was Joe Clark's senior policy adviser until last December.

The Quebecers can only be reconciled to the new constitution and to the Confederation it represents if we take seriously their most fundamental objections to the present constitutional terms and meet them with generosity. They spring from the very nature of modern Quebec, as do the evolved in pride and self-confidence over the past 50 years. As such, they cannot simply be wished away. Nor are they difficult to meet. One basic Quebecois concern is Mr. Trudeau's insistence that there should be no general right of "financial compensation" for Quebec—or for any other province—if it wants to "opt out" of a future constitutional amendment that would reduce its powers. Thus the Quebecers would have to pay to help fund a federal role in the other provinces, while also supporting their own government's continuing activity in the same field. This double taxation would be a staggering burden, especially when major social or economic programs are involved. Who seriously believes Canadian unity would survive such a real in the powers of Quebec? Quebecers might well not permit it. Why, then, the needless provocation?

A further affront to the Quebecers lies in the new constitution



Davis (left), Van Tassel and Gordon: A lot of people think it's a sport for bums. But it isn't.

## THIS CANADA

# Fighting fever in the Maritimes

As Orlivier's fist landed squarely on the nose of Darcy Parsons, and a woman in the crowd winced and covered her face. But the majority of the 150-onlookers urged the fight on as Orlivier, 18, and Parsons, 22, fought and flailed under the fluorescent lights in the Backville, N.S., bingo hall. Orlivier and Parsons are about as young as amateur boxers come, and yet the sight of two 85-pounders boxing it out in public is scarcely a peculiar one in the Halifax suburbs. In the halls in the rest of Canada dream of becoming another Gritsky or Fedorchenko, these in the East are more likely to have heroes with names like Langford, Dorelle, Dixon or MacDonald—awe-inspiring figures in the traditional Maritime fascination with boxing.

"The Maritimes are the cradle of boxing in this country," says Tony Uffels, director of the Canadian Boxing Hall of Fame. An avid boxing historian, Uffels traces the roots of organized boxing to the country to the violent rivalries between lumbermen, fishermen and miners in towns like Glace Bay, Sydney or Bellefleur-Arns, N.B., in the late 1800s. "After a few years they said, 'We have to stop breaking up everybody's bar when we fight.' So they were the first in the country to organize, using the Marquis of Queensbury rules, and produce the sport of boxing here."

The new rules, however, didn't keep aggression off the streets. The fat-falling miners near New Waterford and Glace Bay provided subject matter for Hugh MacLennan's novel *Road Work*. So, which depicts the rise and fall of

Ankie MacNeill, a Cape Breton boxer who finds fame and glory in the United States, only to return a crushed victim of the sport. (Given today, MacLennan feels that all too many Canadian boxers pursued Yankee glory only to be destroyed by the rugged American boxing world.) A boxing fan as a boy, he remembers smoking through windows at the Old Army in Halifax to watch a fight, while back in Glace Bay the fights were free and not altogether organized. "Every Saturday night you'd see fights on Benson's Corner."

Pokey MacDonald: awe-inspiring figure in the Maritimes fascination with boxing



In such a milieu, it paid to learn self-defense. The father of Tony Dorelle, the internationally known light-heavyweight from Bellefleur-Arns, was a fisherman who insisted that any arguments around the dinner table be settled with fists, then and there. Former Canadian middleweight boxing champion Ralph Hollett was wearing gloves when he was four years old. His father, Ralph Hollett Sr., told a recent interviewer: "I figured if a kid could box, he could look after himself. He didn't have to back down from anyone."

Learning to box offered more than mere survival; for the underprivileged, it was a chance to make good. "Boxing's popularity is exactly in proportion to the economic status of the people," MacLennan says. Early Clyde Gray, the pious and soft-spoken Nova Scotian who retired in 1960 as the Commonwealth and Canadian welterweight champion, grew up in hard-core Wainwright Place, where his father was a garment maker. Although his boxing career didn't begin until he moved to Toronto at age 16, he fought many of his fights in Halifax. "Boxing really was a way out of poverty then. When you are from a poor family and an area where it's very hard to get an education—we didn't have proper schools (then)—boxing was a way to make some money fast, and get some recognition."

Once a disreputable recreation and rite of passage for the poor, boxing is fast becoming a middle-class sport. Halifax Mayor Ben Wallace was once Maritime middleweight champion on both the interregional and amateur



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events. His nose bears the unmistakable imprint of having been broken in the ring, not so bad for his television venue in that city. A nine Halifax night-club has put up a ring to attract more customers, and over a year 500 fans troop into the steel Hotel Nova Scotia for the \$50-a-plate International Dinner Club.

Today's amateur boxers, who range in age from 14 to 36, tend to fight not on the street but in a network of 15 official clubs in Nova Scotia. Taylor Gordon and the young pugilists in his Citadel Amateur Boxing Club are about to meet

For the time being, however, he is sticking with the sport and a local strategy. "I'm getting hit as little as possible," says Tony Tassie, 27, has also become a silver medalist in five years of boxing, and so far his only injury is a broken thumb. He believes boxing helped him develop his stamina to fight a 14-year-long battle against leukemia.

The Maritimes have produced some legendary fighters. Sam Langford, from Weymouth, N.S., ran away from home to Boston and became one of the all-time great heavyweights. A physical anomaly, he stood five-foot-four and



Boxing, (left) Gordon, 'I like getting hit as little as possible.'



into a new \$600,000 sports centre designed exclusively for boxing and funded by federal, provincial and city sources. Meanwhile, the 49-year-old boxer works out and spars two hours a day at a north and Halifax school where the principal, Dick MacLean, is president of the Canadian Amateur Boxing Association. MacLean claims that there's a 15-per-cent increase in new amateur boxers every year across Canada, most of them teenagers.

Young boxers are quick to assert that they are not just a bunch of kids off the street who like to fight. Says 19-year-old "Benny" Wick of Dartmouth, already a veteran with four years as a provincial champion under his belt: "A lot of people think it's a sport for bums, that's not it." Ken Miller, amateur boxing co-ordinator for the province, says that it develops character and perseverance, valuable attributes for any career. Says Douglas, 27, a silver medalist on the national level, forges a career in law and politics rather than the ring.

had an astonishing 64-inch reach, but with the boxing world looking for a "wrecking ball" at the end of the century, the black Langford was never given a title fight. At the end of the 1890s, George Dixon of Glace Bay became the first black man to win a world boxing championship and he is still ranked the all-time number 1 bantamweight in boxing's holy writ, *The Ring* magazine.

Until about five years ago, the Maritimes boasted more professional boxers per capita than any other region of the country, says Tony Tassie. Since then, however, boxing booms in Ontario and Montreal have yielded the finest new professionals. The Maritimers still have a homegrown legend, chiefly Ralph Bellet and Teddy Macdonald. And Nova Scotia has double the average number of amateur per capita, with 480 out of about 4,000 in Canada. A handful of these will undoubtedly choose to go professional and their efforts will be looking to them to keep the fighting tradition alive. —LESLIE CHURCH

## FOLLOW-UP

### At home with Uncle Sam

Reading kids don't usually make headlines. But that's exactly what 14-year-old Walter Polachuk continues to do 18 months after he ran away from his parents to avoid returning with them to their home in the Ukraine. Six months earlier in the United States had convinced Anna and Mychajlo Polachuk that immigrating had been a mistake. For Walter, however, his new life was anything but unhappy. Indeed, when local police traced the boy to a cousin's home in Chicago, they found him innocent that he would rather never see his parents again than abandon his new friends, new bicycle and new freedom.

Young Walter Polachuk soon became a cause célèbre, a dramatic champion of freedom against conservatism. In an unusual move, the U.S. Immigration and Naturalization Service granted the boy political asylum. An Illinois court declared Walter a ward of the state and placed him in the foster care of a Chicago family. The Polachuks, represented by a legal team from the American Civil Liberties Union (ACLU), appealed the decision. But when the federal government again intervened last summer by granting permanent residency to Walter, his parents returned to the Ukraine without him. Through the state attorneys, however, they continued the custody battle, and recently an Illinois appellate court ruled in their favor. The court upheld the constitutional rights of parents to raise and educate a family, even though "the parents had decided to move to a country whose principles of government are alien to those of the United States." Washington, however, promptly counterattacked by issuing a Department Court Order, preventing anyone from taking the youth out of the country.

Then, critics complain, "Walter continues to be a pawn in Soviet-American relations. As a New York Times editorial argued: "This case isn't about freedom from political oppression but the freedom of a boy to defy his parents." The Reagan administration appears to be more interested in shallow showmanship. On the other side, Walter's supporters insist that a boy his age is capable of making a measured choice for freedom over oppression. They told that the boy's return to the U.S. is at this point would guarantee him a future as personae non grata with Soviet authorities.

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Walter himself has no doubt as to his feelings. Shortly after the recent court ruling against him, the boy insisted, "I don't want to go there (the U.S.S.R.) and sit in jail all my life. I like the freedom here." In fact, according to his attorney, Julian Kalus, Walter told his social workers he would commit suicide rather than go back to the Ukraine.

There are, however, things he doesn't like about the United States. The youth, now in Grade 7, resents the fact that teachers often call on him to tell the class how terrible life is in the Soviet Union, just as he is embarrassed when



Walter Polowinski: "I like the freedom!"

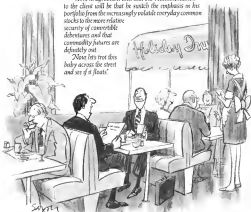
people stop him on the street to wish him well. Nonetheless, Walter has made friends easily, and he is also star on a local soccer team.

Apparently, the boy does not miss his parents (legal issues prevent him from speaking directly to the press), although he does miss his younger brother, Mychek, who is back in the Ukraine. Kalus claims Walter was never really close to his parents, both of whom worked while Walter was cared for by his grandmother until the age of 11. "I've also got to remember that since the parents' return, Walter has received only one letter from them. And we don't believe that letter was even written by the mother." Kalus suggests instead that officials in the U.S.S.R. may have written it. Certainly the Krensis has not grown up on Walter and two weeks ago issued a formal protest against U.S. interference on his behalf. As international sparring and court appeals drag on, Walter gets closer to his 16th birthday, the age at which he is legally able to decide his own future. In this case, it appears that time is on his side.

—DAVID KLING

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**DATeline: LONDON**

## No tax please, we're British!

By Carol Kennedy

Unlike the French or the Italians, who regard outwitting the tax man as a national sport, Britons have traditionally enjoyed a reputation as scrupulous taxpayers. This reputation, however, may not last much longer.

Late last year Parliament was forced to take notice of the nation's fast-growing extrajurisdictional entrepreneurship by the committee of public accounts, a watchdog body on government spending which issued a report urging stronger action by the tax authorities on the black economy. The committee expressed the fear that "there is a real danger of tax evasion coming to be regarded as socially and morally acceptable."

One of the most publicized cases in *The Sunday Times* and in a subsequent book has been the possible secret money trail of the aristocratic Viscountess of the Royal Family—whose multinational real-estate and wholesale business spans the world. The Viscountess is reportedly swilling more than minimal sums (largely by the money distribution of profits and losses among the different countries in which they operate) culminated in one remarkable payment of less than \$50 tax on over \$100 million of more than \$45 million. This discovery sparked public outrage last year—and caused some tax loopholes to be tightened—but it's peanuts compared to the accumulated efforts of humbler Britons, all vigorously pursuing Thatcherite enterprise outside the system. As a 35-year-old accountant quoted in *The Daily Telegraph* said: "There comes a point when you have got to accept that the supposedly lawful way of doing things has broken down. I saw that for many people who are quite clearly

conceding the bulk of their income that I am paying their taxes myself." Sociologist Stuart Henry puts it more bluntly: "Everyone, from business to doctors and from directors to dockers, is on the fringe."

The uncounted, untaxable millions of dollars represented by deals involv-

ing barter, moonlighting and sales conducted with words of said bank notes instead of cheques are needling the enormous shrills of Inland Revenue, who last year estimated the black economy to be the equivalent of about 7.5 per cent of Britain's gross domestic product of goods and services—a loss to the tax coffers of more than \$4.9 billion in uncollected taxes.

Some economists put the estimate at more than twice that amount. But when even the chairman of Inland Revenue, Sir Lawrence Auer, admits to contributing to the black economy by paying his window cleaner in cash, the responsible acle of the problem becomes apparent in the old song, says, everybody's doing it.

"The hidden economy is an everyday feature of ordinary people's lives," says Henry. "It is everywhere and nowhere."



The aristocratic Viscountess, Baroness George Aronson and Edward (Tony) George. Aronson says he is doing things he has broken down.

Once largely confined to laborers who moved from one cash-paid job to another, black economy practices are now sweeping into the professions. It is sophisticated versions of old-style barter. Doctors, dentists, accountants and lawyers increasingly accept payments "in kind": a case of whisky or wine, a parking, a sale of beer—all it's necessary to change the tax net. Small business-owners are doing in exchange for a house or personal or some freshly caught trout, unofficial real estate deals are conducted without benefit of a professional agent for a few hundred dollars "on the side."

One doctor once encourages a quarter of his patients to pay in foreign currency. "It helps pay for the summer holiday we have in the South of France and the ski holiday we have in the winter," he explains. "With the tax I pay, it wouldn't be possible to do it otherwise."

Government figures put the number of two-job Britons at anywhere from 500,000 to 1.2 million, but unofficial estimates range up



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to three million. "Would you like it in cash?" are single words when dealing with service people attached to retailers. The carpet-layer or curtain-maker will probably undercut his company's prices and offer to do the work in his spare time. The painter or carpenter may well be a teacher, policeman or fireman seeking to supplement a low salary. For years the construction industry has been a prime source of tax evaders, and there are plenty of "cash only" builders around, such as Martin Inc., an east midlands contractor featured recently in *Financial Weekly* as

one of the small businesses most likely to survive the recession. "His primary paradigm of cash flow is the thickness of the wall of Yvonne's bar across a reserve," said the journal, noting that by saving on overhead (on his new exclusive taxi) and hiring help only as needed, Joe is applying all the management techniques for survival in a recession preached by business schools and governments alike."

There must be a lesson here for politicians of the Margaret Thatcher stamp who constantly proclaim their willingness to provide incentives for the



Thatcher: consulting the clouds

entrepreneur if only the entrepreneur would come out of the woodwork and start up all those small businesses on which Thatcher and her chancellor, Sir Geoffrey Howe, put much of their hope for Britain's economic revival. If Thatcher could crack the problem of how to make the black economy officially productive, the present unemployed number of unemployed Britons—almost three million (32.2 per cent of the work force)—would be significantly reduced. A few years ago, as a result of a French campaign against local manufacturers, it is estimated that 30,000 permanent jobs were created.

Furthermore, according to one bank manager's estimate, the country would be enriched by about 10 times the total revenue the government got from North Sea oil last year. Even Prince Charles remarked last fall on the potential of finding a solution to the swelling ranks of townships. The black economy, he told an audience of professional engineers, showed that people did not shirk work but "welcomed freedom—from capitalism, socialism, even government." "Here is an area that they find more study to see how such a phenomenon could perhaps be turned to everyone's legal advantage."

Meanwhile, the tax men have been finally forced into a little of the black economy. Bowing to the select committee report, Inland Revenue has diverted 400 staff members from other duties to sniff out Britain's growing trap of ghost workers. But experience suggests success will be limited. As the magazine *Accounting* noted last summer, trying to identify the black economy was "like a man who has been blind from birth trying to describe an elephant. All one can be sure of is that it is large and it is there."

## CANADA

# Into battle with a bodyguard

By Mury Janigan

It was Robbie Burns Day last week, and Allan MacEwen danced his left, looked a storm dissembler on his neck and bared his hairy new bodyguard off to a parliamentary shindig. The security was clamped on the finance minister after an anonymous snapper warned an Ottawa newspaper that he planned to shoot the budget architect. But the pugnacious pair also provided an apt image for the stormy first week of the 1992 House of Commons. Amid opposition vows to protest debate and government threats to retaliate, MPs looked on with a bitter economic battle that will probably disrupt proceedings and fray tempers for the next few months.

The main target of the opposition attack was the beleaguered MacEwen and his hated November budget. In its opening quarterly report to private and public-sector clients, the authoritative Desnoes Research Limited of Toronto noted that 70 per cent of Canadians are dissatisfied with the budget, 80 per cent believe that it will increase inflation, 73 per cent think that it will slow down the economy, and a staggering 78 per cent are convinced that it will boost unemployment. The poll was based on interviews with 1,500 Canadians during mid-December—and it is the first statistical proof that the budget has simply boomed. "It is so patently disastrous that if they don't pull back on most tax measures, the damage will probably carry through to the next election," predicts Desnoes President Allan Greig.

Although they did not have those statistics yet, opposition MPs seized the public mood—and they were quick to capitalize on it. Daily session periods erupted with barbed exchanges, looking and saying procedural struggles, and the debates are certain to continue. In mid-December, the rattled MacEwen promised to let a parliamentary committee probe major budget tax changes before they are implemented. That was a shrewd move since it would allow the government to wrestle with recession



MacEwen at bay: a struggle to regain voter credibility

provisional bills while the largest of the budget debate is shifted away from the Commons floor into the sedations of a committee.

The catch, however, is that MacEwen's committee motion must be passed by the Commons. And the opposition parties have vowed to prolong the debate on the move by turning all their budget grievances at length. "Our intention is to fight with every atom of our energy—the more you debate, the more you focus public attention on what they are doing," says Conservative House leader Erik Nielsen. Adds Andrew Stunz, House leader Ian Deane: "We want to debate the budget as much as we want to talk it or to delay it until the government has come to its senses."

The last for liberal blood was so strong that it even saved Clark from a looming caucus revolt. Last Wednesday, it is a dramatic four-hour face-off, the Conservative caucus proposed to stop its uneasy support at Clark's leadership. In return, the leader prom-

ised to consult the caucus and the party's national executive about his future if political circumstances change. The compromise was apparently hammered out during a secret Tuesday night meeting between Clark and 18 senior MPs, including some opposed to his leadership. The talk in Hamilton land frustrated Ontario MP Gary Gauthier back in the caucus fold after a five-week absence. Hours later, however, Alberta independent Bill Yenko abruptly quit the party to sit as an independent.

The budget room has also yielded the Liberals' caucus into a woful but defiant unity. Liberal MPs met in interviews that the parliamentary committee will likely modify, especially budget proposals on capital cost allowances, corporate mergers, life insurance, charitable foundations, forward averaging and work-incentive programs. It is also almost certain that the committee will drop the controversial tax slaps on employer-paid medical schemes. "We decided to roll up our sleeves, gather round the leader and fix things up," says Montreal Liberal MP Pierre Desnoes. "We also decided that even like the desnoes case appear to be a needless irritant."

These major concessions do not mean, however, that the Liberals are not bent for a fight. MPs agreed at last week's caucus that the party was going to stay out further in the polls over the next few weeks. But they also reconciled themselves with reminders that they are only midway through their mandate. Some MPs have vowed to fight opposition delaying tactics every step of the way with closure and time allocation motions. Some have even threatened to scuttle the committee budget probe if the opposition does not agree to mutual debate.



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accept the Convention in the coming weeks, under Liberals are conducting plans behind the scenes to reject additional stimulus into the economy. Strategists are concentrating on a major play to overhaul youth employment training programs and a proposal to re-evaluate some of the 57 major industrial projects slated for 1982-83. The projects will require regulatory changes, possible federal financial guarantees and underwriting, more community supports such as mental housing and perhaps direct financial contributions.

It also seems likely that Maclean will introduce a nine-bidder before Ebert to target tax breaks to such groups as the health technology sector (next story). Cabinet is mulling a \$15-million bid and package for auto parts manufacturers and major schools to help the ailing fisheries and transportation areas. In the wake of the budget drama, the Liberals seem that they simply don't have the political authority to impose wage and price controls or credit controls. They are struggling just to regain voter credibility. The opposition is fighting to keep their doors. And that means that Canadians are going to be treated to a much more noisy and turbulent debate.

## The perils of being top cop

Despite the strings and arrows of public outrage over police pay-offs to two killers, Detective General Robert Kaplan last week was hailed as a hero for his struggle to keep abreast of the fast-evolving events. First, he contributed himself on the front line when he learned about the \$100,000 trust fund established for mass murder.

Clifford Gault's family and on the way to the court, whether authorities will try to recover the money. Then, he was forced to acknowledge that for six months he knew nothing about an apparently agreement with another admitted killer. No sooner had Canada's chief law enforcement officer confessed his ignorance of an Ontario case involving a \$100,000 trust fund, than he was accused by another admitted killer. No sooner had Canada's chief law enforcement officer confessed his ignorance of an Ontario case involving a \$100,000 trust fund, than he was accused by another admitted killer.

Kaplan baffled

General Roy McMurtry said the arrangement was obsolete, adding that it had been replaced by a "much tougher" one.

The RCMP decided to inform Kaplan of the first trade-off with Kirby, the 30-year-old informant, only when there



Olson with police, no calling on other members, since "he was a travelling man"

part in the affair promised to turn money. And the credit for even that belated disclosure went to Globe and Mail reporter Peter Moon, whose flat-footing broke the news of both deals with Kirby. The former underworld employee expert has admitted to setting a 1971 Toronto deal which killed one man and injured three others. Later, he was promised annually—and \$100,000 to release—for his services as a ployer hit man and for testimony that eventually led to the execution of five other underworld characters for conspiracy to commit murder.

By week's end, a police McMurtry was complaining that publicity had abruptly ended Kirby's usefulness, and he feared that releases may be "best as far as the taxpayer goes." He then blasted both Moon and the Globe, saying some statements in one story "gratuitously and simply not true." However, he was unable to pinpoint any substantive error. As far as press accounts of Kirby's trust-fund agreement in his former affidavit, while his police bodyguards stood by in an adjoining room (Maclean's Feb. 11, McMurtry washed the waters with his denial. The two bodyguards were there, said an internal police report, but by the time they were aware of the hearing, it was too late.

Although a marksmanship records Kirby's financial status, \$49,000 at G.C.A.'s is close to B.C. Attorney General Allan Williams is adamant that there will be no more payoffs to the man sentenced on Jan. 14 to 11 consecutive life terms for the murder of 11 children, and he insists that his underlings are searching for ways to recover all, or part, of the trust fund.

Meanwhile, police are paying occasional visits to Ramsey's Lower Mainland Regional Correctional Centre—where Olson is being held pending his decision on whether to appeal the sentences—no question him about a number of unsolved murders across the province, in the rest of Canada and even in the United States. During a television report that Olson offered solid information about 18 additional murders for money, Don Wilson, assistant RCMP commissioner for British Columbia, says it is impossible to put a ceiling on potentially Olson-related murders. "It just depends on how much travelling he did," declared Wilson, "and you know he was a travelling man." —LINDA DEBELL

## A little light in dark places

In theory, the search warrant is one of the ancient defenses against the lurking sins of the law. Before everything went right, however, he called burglary, a policeman gave a warrant only by surrounding a judge or justice of the peace that specified crimes linked to a specified crime. There is evidence, however, that police generally get warrants when they want them, from friendly judges or justices of the peace that specified crimes linked to a specified crime. There is evidence, however, that police generally get warrants when they want them, from friendly judges or justices of the peace that specified crimes linked to a specified crime.

In a landmark 10-to-4 decision, the Supreme Court of Canada last week ruled that a warrant, and the form known as an "information" filed by police to justify their request for the warrant, must be open to public scrutiny once the search is complete. Review remains possible when nothing is found—a protection of privacy for victims of un-directed searches. Writing the majority judgment, Justice Brian Dickson quoted English law reformer Jeremy Bentham: "So the darkness of secrecy, under cover and end in every shape before full swing... Publicity is the very soul

of justice." The court agreed that secrecy is needed before a search is necessary to avoid breaching the target. The court case began two years ago in Halifax, where Cbc reporter Linda MacIntyre got wind of a police investigation into possible political espionage and influence-peddling in Nova Scotia. MacIntyre learned that he might find confirmation in a warrant and supporting information, but he was blocked by Harold Granger, the magistrate's court clerk, who also happened to be the justice of the peace who had signed the warrants for the Montreal.

The Cbc hired local lawyer Gordon Freedman and his partner, Robert Murray. They promptly won the case—and an appeal in the Nova Scotia Supreme Court. Six other provinces and the federal government—worried about the impact of publicity on police work—joined Nova Scotia's appeal.

A survey by the federal Law Reform Commission found that in most of the seven cities sampled more than half the warrants issued were considered invalid by the commission's panel of judges. Some cases were just technical, but too many for the above may be an economic consultant. Lee Polin calls "the very cooperative relationship between the police and the justice and judges who are issuing warrants in many cities." The prospect of public scrutiny might impose a little discipline on this relationship. Publicity, said Bertram, "keeps the judge himself under trial." —JOHN HAY

## ONTARIO

## The not-so-happy hunting ground

Sidney Jaffe, a 56-year-old lawyer and developer, went packing through the woods of Ossington Toronto one day last fall. Returning to his apartment building, he was greeted by two men identifying themselves as Ontario law enforcement officials. They asked him to go to a room to answer questions. At first, Jaffe went willingly. Then, sensing deception, he protested—screaming for help on a fashionable area of Bloor Street. He was beaten and bound, thrown into a car, driven to Niagara Falls, N.Y., and handed over to private Ontario law enforcement. Afterward, he was flown to Orlando, Fla., and returned to the Putnam County jail in Putnam—from which he had skipped his \$357,000 bail on 26 counts of unlawful land sales practices. Jaffe, in his jail cell, said he appeared in court once and was convicted on all 26 charges. But last week, awaiting sentencing in a Florida prison

hospital following surgery on an abscessed tooth, Sidney Jaffe became the focus of a bizarre international incident.

At the centre of the controversy lay the unprecedented—not to mention illegal—kidnapping. Police officials in each country frequently co-operate in arranging prompt extradition of wanted criminals who cross the border. But Jaffe, a Canadian, was abducted by two bounty hunters acting in close contravention of Canadian law and the Canada-U.S. extradition treaty. The issue was complicated by widely evidence that Florida justice authorities knew in advance that a kidnapping was being planned, made no apparent effort to alert it and, indeed, may have actively abetted it.

Three diplomatic notes have now been sent from Ottawa to the U.S. state department, two protesting Jaffe's arrest and demanding his release and a third asking extradition of the two bounty hunters and their accomplices. By last week, the U.S. government had

Florida officials themselves are more State Attorney Steven Jaynes declines comment on the case, as does Bill Aron, proprietor of the Jacksonville newspaper that posted the bond and hired the bounty hunters. Jaffe's defense lawyer, Tampa attorney John Briggs, filed a petition for release for dismissal based on his client's illegal abduction. The judge denied the motion, ruling that the state's challenge had not been proved. But one of Jaffe's advocates did testify at the trial and admitted that he had conferred with the state attorney's office before his trip to Toronto.

Still, it is now the job of Justice officials in Washington to decide whether they do not condemn the bounty hunters' actions—Jaffe received due process under American law. U.S. and Canadian courts have consistently held that the way in which an accused is apprehended is not generally the court's business. "If the situation had been reversed," said Michael Abblitt, director of the U.S. justice department's office of international affairs, "the not sure Canadian courts would give up authority to prosecute."

While Washington officials ponder its options and Ottawa waits impatiently, Jaffe is reportedly seeking to negotiate a settlement of each side that will ultimately buy his release. Whether the disposition, a member of unemployed question remains. Why did Putnam County justice officials not immediately commence extradition proceedings when Jaffe failed to appear in court? Did the state attorney's office act in collusion with the kidnappers? Or did it at least help them by providing information about his whereabouts to the kidnappers?



Jaffe in summer dress: a fashionable screen for help

still not formally replied. But an FBI investigation has been launched. The department of justice in Washington is also moving ahead on the extradition request. And it is also assessing whether the state attorney's office in Daytona Beach knowingly aided or worked at the kidnapping scheme. Ottawa's protest notes go for an alleged violation of Canadian sovereignty, explicitly charging that state authorities were involved. Yet Charles Cole, External Affairs' director of the legal advisory division, stresses that Canada lacks clear, corroborative evidence of state complicity.

Why did officers from the Niagara Falls, N.Y., sheriff's department, who hunted for Jaffe briefly before he was whisked away to Florida, not step in and convene an extradition hearing? And why, when it taken almost three months for the government to separate itself from allegations?

"Without regard to Jaffe's guilt or innocence," says John Briggs, "I'm offended as an American citizen that this sort of thing should occur. If the Canadians are trying to get Jaffe out of prison, I better hurry. I think he's going to prison." By hook or by crook. —MICHAEL POTTER

## A snarl from the sponsors

The Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, which is supposed to bring Canadians together, often seems to be pulling them apart. If Ottawa politicians are not branding the corporation as a voice of Quebec separatists, then they are usually *denying* it for fostering western alienation, its smart gaze sidles stretching beyond the western outskirts of Toronto. Critics have taken as an even more strident tone the Saskatchewan branch of the Association of Canadian Radio and Television Artists (ACTRA) last month issued a stinging denunciation of CBC's blind eye for that province.

Titled *From Star to Star on the Great Western Plains*, the 16-page brief was written by Saskatoon freelance and ACTRA member Donald Ward, commissioned by the union to put its underappreciated member for the benefit of mainstream CBC management. Ward, 39, didn't spare the polemic as he rhymed off a litany of demeaning statistics, including one showing that Saskatchewan ("a good week") accounted for a mere 3.72 per cent of stories on *The National*, which once prompted the CRTC to declare that the province "was practically unknown on the network."

Selected to do the brief because of his reputation as a colorful, pithy radio personality, Ward didn't pull ACTRA's punches. "The CBC doesn't seem to think that Saskatchewan has any meaningful role to play in the expression of a Canadian identity," he wrote. "The CBC seems to think that Saskatchewan is nothing more than a prairie covered with stubble, replete with sunbats and dust storms and angry, whining farmers."

The prime complaint of the 140-member ACTRA branch, which includes 18 people regularly employed by the CBC, is profection money—or the lack of it. The branch argues that Saskatchewan, with a staff of 300 dispersed throughout

centres in Regina, Saskatoon, Moose Jaw and a tiny northern radio outlet in La Ronge, is locked in a financial stranglehold with Manitoba as part of the network's prairie region. Because regional headquarters are in Winnipeg, Saskatchewan has to battle for production funds that ACTRA claims amount to only one-sixth of what is spent in Manitoba—a province with almost the same population.

In *denial* is Saskatchewan's own equipment that Ward said is woefully out-

available or, instead, management spends \$4,500 a year to replace the tubes. "It is as better for CMC Radio down the hall, whose studio is a converted farmhouse."

The timing of the ACTRA brief poses the CBC's associate regional director, Bill White. CBC operations in Regina are indeed scattered over three buildings—two TV switching operations 30 km away in Moose Jaw. But construction is already under way for a \$50-million production headquarters in the Saskatchewan capital. "I find it strange that they are coming out with this now, when the corporation is showing an interest in Saskatchewan. The fact that the building consolidation is going ahead at a time when the corporation is facing cutbacks shows a recognition that Saskatchewan is not being as well as it should."

ACTRA feels, however, that the money poured into the building will be displaced from production finances, providing Saskatchewan with the facilities it needs but not with money to make a presence count on the national network. "Just look at Vancouver," says ACTRA branch president and CBC interviewer Gerry Spurling. "They have a wonderful new building out there, but 60 per cent of it is dark because there is no money for programming." ACTRA hopes its brief will pressure the CBC to honor its promise to establish Saskatchewan as an autonomous province like Alberta, Newfoundland and British Columbia.

More money, however, may not be enough to overcome the identity problems that CBC Saskatchewan suffers within the corporation. Clearly, the network's bosses do not have an overwhelming preoccupation with the province's broadcasting concerns. When CBC President Al Johnson, who comes from the town of Inuvik, Sask., defined comment on the ACTRA brief because it is a season matter to be dealt with locally. An executive assistant, Paul Threlk, proposed that questions be directed to "Associate Regional Director Bill White in Edmonton." Bill White, in fact, works for the CBC in Regina.

—DALE ROBERTS



CBC's new Regina headquarters: the unknown province?



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# HIGH TECH'S NEW STARS

By Ian Anderson

When Pat Berne wandered unhelmed into the shoe-size offices of Mital Corporation six years ago, Kraus, was little more than a raw pasture and Michael Copeland was still plain, ordinary Mike Copeland. In his faded jeans and long hair, Berne may not have seemed like one of the most valuable minds in the country, a 31-year-old to whom high technology came as naturally as breathing. But at the time Mital had only 60 employees, not the 4,200 it has now. It was not one of the two or three fastest-growing companies in North America, and it had yet to become a world leader in telecommunications. For his part, Copeland was not yet being hailed as some kind of brilliant combination of Thomas Edison and J.P. Morgan.

That was before the Ottawa area would find itself dulled—after California's prototype—Silicon Valley North, north to the irritation of the 300 Canadian high-tech companies that would mushroom in the sleepy rural suburb of Kanata. It was a simpler time, when Canada altered its industrial base to create setbacks. That sense of crisis, despite such finger-in-the-dike progress as the \$63 million that Industry Minister Herb Gray announced last week will be spread around the high-tech industry over the next three years. There is a high-tech revolution under way, and one part of Ottawa is on the cutting edge. In six short years Mital and Mike Copeland have become something of a legend.

Pat Berne is named in 12 of the company's 30 patents, but when they throw the word "patent" around at Mital it is usually misspelled as Pat Berne. His high-velocity career, Terry Matthews' Thai fortunes are in the \$300-million range, and each day that their high-flying Mital stock moves a dollar in New York or Toronto, they make \$10 million each. Yet the gold-dust twins, both 38, are an oddly unflashy pair, whose tastes in clothes and kids lean to the rural. Matthews lives in the same house he married eight years ago to get Mital started.

Like the other dozen or so members of Ottawa's high-tech elite, they see themselves as leaders, not executives east. Where do they all work at \$77.25

in the world of wires and real estate developers. Copeland shelled out \$1 million to buy four faltering Ottawa racket clubs, but no courts are reserved for him. "We're not that pretentious, I hope," grins lawyer Glen St. John, his squash partner. Besides Copeland now

You're all falling asleep?—Terry Matthews, walking through Nit plant. It is an economic war to Terry Matthews' Mital versus the Japanese Mital versus the Americans Mital versus the world. The high-tech marketing device will do whatever it



Berne with circuit board, staring on the "third wave" of the industrial revolution

spends most of his time outside the country overseeing Mital's assembly line expansion.

The high-tech crowd holds their in awe, not for the money but for the way they have stolen business away from New York, Frankfurt and Tokyo just by being smarter and more aggressive. Some would see this pair of British expatriates as prophets who can lead the country out of the self-imposed servitude of selling wool and copper to pay for cars and computers. For the most part, the Mital technologists clearly resemble Pat Berne. They are under 30 and arrogant enough to believe they can be the best at manipulating the microelectronics technology that has come to define a nation's industrial development. They speak the new gospel: "high tech," "an art machine," "the chip." In the words of one industry executive, that technology is "the credo of all the 1980s."

to sell Mital telephone systems. When Matthews decided Mital should get its 15th plant into France, he ran into the usual French demands for control of the subsidiary. Matthews simply went around the mountain instead of trying to bulldoze through it. The new Socialist government of François Mitterrand had promised jobs, so Matthews headed north to the high-employment textile district and plucked 1,200 of them. Then he arranged for a worker co-op to be the Mital distributor.

"The last thing a socialist government wants is to let a worker co-op go bankrupt," he is quoted as saying. Afterward, he wangled a loan with Mitterrand himself and put the case forward, starting with the premise that the French phone system would be serviced without Mital. And Mitterrand agreed, letting Mital retain control when far larger high-tech companies had to surrender to the bureaucracy

to get part of the market.

The pattern recurs in Matthews' dealings with Mexico, West Germany, Ireland and the United States. In Berlin, he lived at 19 Downing Street with Margaret Thatcher and he could hardly suppose his punkish Welsh yen to arrive wearing a cloth cap, hoping to be mistaken for the chauffeur. Only Matthews could buy the old hospital in which he was born and turn it into a resort hotel, then try to register 90-low-Weissman Robert Trent Jones from Atlanta to design a world-class golf course for it. "He sees a piece of business in everything," laughs a friend. "Even that sausage business."

Matthews dismisses the notion that his first non-Mital venture might be just a caprice. There were 30,000 Weissman born in that house, he will argue, 30,000 potential guests. And besides, "Once I've finished slandering it, you'll be able to see it from London."

Mathews that do not participate in the competition will surely be its victims.

Release Council of Canada, 1981.

Copeland and Matthews are surging on what has been called the "third wave" of the industrial revolution. But respect will not be felt in the bosom of public awareness for another three or four years. Still, a precious few politicians, such as Ontario Industry Minister Larry Grossman, have recognized that it will reach into nearly every corner of the economy, from stores, teachers and cars to the machines used to make them. What the third wave stands for is machines that, loosely speaking, "think." And that means chip technology, nothing more so than a computer on a piece of silicon half the size of a fingernail.

In 1947, when Copeland was two years old, a team of American scientists led by William Shockley invented the transistor to replace the clumsy and expensive vacuum tube. Copeland was growing up, absorbed in cars and motorcycles, as the battle to beat the Soviets to the moon resulted in forced miniaturization of electronics. By 1978,

when the first primitive chips called the kernel of the Swiss mechanical watch industry, Copeland was among the hundreds of British engineers hired to work in Ottawa for Bell-Northern Labs or the National Research Council for triple their home salary. That was just the infancy of an industry that, even now, may not be past the first grade. These chips fit in quite normal to stack 50,000 transistors on a chip, the devices etched to incredible precision by lasers.

To understand what is happening, it helps to remember Moore's law of microelectronics: "Every two years complexity and density double." And chips get cheaper. It is not easy for the layman to relate to the revolution, but an American analogy serves well if engineering far afield had proceeded at the same pace, the Concorde would hold 10,000 passengers, travel at 300,000 km an hour—and a ticket would cost one cent.

What Mital and the other high-tech companies are making is machines with

Manufacturing chips in California's Intel labs: a high-tech company starts with a basement and a dream in someone's eye



ing. In the first stage of the industrial revolution, mass created horsepower in mules smaller than a horse, steam engines, and then came electricity. Now he is substituting smart machines for brain cells rather than muscle. Watches and calculators were the first consumer products with tiny logic systems. The Singer Company has put a microchip into its modern sewing machines and replaced three-quarters of the parts instead of parts, the chip "tells" the needle when to stop and go. "What we have is cheap logic," explains Keith Glegg, vice-president for industry at

dentists' offices, and even-titled the series into wearing Metal lab coats.

It worked. Late at night he would shut out to take Metal and would drop by Plawley's house to answer the latest coup, taking care to top on the window as the kids would not wake up. Plawley's boyfriends were duly warned not to peek if a bearded face peered into the window after midnight.

When their band of direction took on something the gods don't even propose, the response usually begins, "You're looking at this the wrong way..." It's hard to argue with

Grillo, the body-builder executive vice-president of Sausage. "You're got pride on the assembly line [paid \$5 an hour] who have made \$40,000 or \$50,000 in the stock. That's not unusual." And then you have the "30 or 40" millionaires running around the place.

The microcomputer brought correspondence writing the same to the company—Denzil (Denny) Doyle of M&M.

It is now accurate that a high-tech company start with a basement and a gleam in someone's eye. Colin Patterson opened shop in the lobby of Ottawa's

Skirvin Hotel in 1979, used a pay telephone to draw up business and double-checking electronic circuits on his lap. He and his partner, Don Cunningham, could not even afford the \$500 corporate registration fee for Canada's Tech services, so they shelled up \$1,500 on Patterson's credit card to get components for a black box that allowed computer data to pass along a telephone line. It was a simple idea that no one else had perfected before the British-born buffoon. When they took Canada's public last year they found their store was worth \$40 million each. Patterson promptly took his first vacation in two years.

Finding a world market in what every engineer dreams about when he adds his name to the list of nearly 800 high-tech companies blossoming in the Ottawa area. Only the limits of his imagination can measure the opportunities.

"The challenge is to weed them out," says Patterson.

Businesses, another was, was Ottawa's high-tech outfit, will triple its sales to about \$20 million in 1983 because

founder Jack Davies and Rod Hayden believed that they could write computer programs for companies that had no staff of computer. Every company, says Davies, has recognized that it must be "more technologically innovative to survive," especially in a recession.

Davies is an anomaly in his own life. He has no technology in his education and teaches it at the University of Ottawa. Yet he is a phenomenon, a man who has put together a fortune of some \$50 million at age 41, just eight years after he left the federal civil service with \$15,000 in his savings account. An entrepreneur, says Hayden, believes "there is an appropriate response to a problem other than a solution."

That is not an attitude the New

Brunswick Inc. boy found president in Vancouver, Ottawa, so he has to be an assistant deputy minister at age 26, the youngest at the time. "The candidate for Synchrotron is to be run as fast as we can," Davies says flatly.

"We have a lead," says Douglas Perkin, the entrepreneur hard-core burn-out who's helped the Tech services team to work progress. "The idea is to keep on going so when others are starting to catch up, we're into the next step. That's not high-tech, original, about."

It was Perkin who asked of

division out of the department of communications and into the hands of the three Norton brothers, Mark, John and Chris—all under 30. Their company, Nyork, is now largely responsible for keeping the world in the two-way television technology that the Tiddies program give Canada—a program that Perkin and his partner, Francis Fox, had to close and search for to keep alive. Foxman in Manitoba and Chibren are now planning into trial runs. Foxman's idea is to "sell-up" another idea and commodity prices.

Another young Ottawa company is selling \$10 million that it, too, has put two-way video capability into the average home. Nara Manufacturing (named after the Babylonian god of writing and vegetation) is developing a microcomputer to be hooked into an ordinary cable-TV system. For a couple of dollars, Ottawa subscribers will be able to end up video games, but the hardware units are more sophisticated. "A small number of Canadian families are prepared to shell out \$100 to buy the Kaylephorpe Brittenes," says

I don't know how to say it. Anybody, but we're bright—Pat Byrne.

When things got tight in the early 40s, Matthews would chuckle simply that "this month has seven weeks." No one would explain about working a little harder when they knew Campbell had been up all night looking products. Given St. James remembers that at the time Campbell would be up for a morning squall, game looking no more preoccupied than he would three years later when the stock market had contacted him from and was adding millions daily in his fortune. It was Campbell's genius for designing that put Milil into



Byrne: a phenomenon and an anomaly in the new side

business. And while he worked with his long-haired, design teams, Matthews fought Milil's authority, and \$100,000 worth of authority in his voice carrying a bargain to the company that was belied by the 400 square feet it resided in the Kanata Junior Chamber of Commerce Building.

The initial funding came from friends in the "M&M" Woodmen and \$100,000 raised by Ottawa lawyer Kent Hanley, whose \$25 million in Milil stock can be traced to the day his wife met Darlene Campbell in a maternity class. Matthews was irresistible. When a Bell Canada boy demanded to see the "old man," Matthews freely showed a Milil sign on the front lawn, plastered Milil stickers on the doors of adjoining

people who have made up millions. Democracy is even a feature of the Milil. Matthews' business is the low-angled, well-lit shops, rock music, early on a collection in football shirts and sweaters had covered Campbell and Matthews adapted their own version of the Generalized Japanese management style after their frustration with traditional Japanese-style management. "A guy likes to make a decision without me stepping in," says Matthews. "So he works his ass off because it's his own decision." Turnover is almost all. People are drawn to a winner. And there is another reason. "Anyone who has been with the company five years has made hundreds of thousands," says Don

## A new addiction in the schools

Computer teacher Don Milik has no problem getting his students to class. They are his addicts in need of a fix. Every weekday morning before 7 a.m. they gather at Earl of March High School in Kanata, heart of the Ottawa area's Silicon Valley, anxiously waiting for a teacher to arrive with the key to the computer room door and the electronic lights that he beyond—supplied by name microcomputers. "If I were to come in here on weekends," says Milik, "I'd easily have 30 students."

Two years ago, there were no computer classes at Earl of March, now there are 34 Of the school's 1,500 students, 400 are enrolled in a computer-related course. One morning Milik was confronted by the vice-principal, who sternly informed him that a handful of his students had been hooked out of the computer room at 10:30 p.m. the night before. "There are kids with an 85-per-cent average who are skipping classes to go in and use the computer," says Milik. "Two or three of them aren't allowed in the room because their other marks have gone down so much."

Earl of March, however, is not typical of other secondary schools in Ontario, where, on average, one student in 10 is registered in a computer class. The province's goal, though, is to ensure that within five years all graduating students will have had some contact with computers. In a brief presented to cabinet, Don Dixon, president of the Ontario Teachers' Federation (OTF), stressed that by 1984 every child should have access to at least half an hour of computer time every day. At Earl of March, a computer student averages about six minutes a week.

In Alberta, Education Minister David King has professed that by 1985 50,000 microcomputers would be in all grade levels, with an average of one per classroom. The wiring of the school system is sure for the medium-term future, more than 30 per cent of Alber-



Teacher Mike (right) upgrading a meandering hobby into a profitable skill

ta's high schools have microcomputers, compared to 25 per cent in Ontario and 36 per cent in Nova Scotia. In British Columbia 39 per cent of Grade 10 students are enrolled in computer-related courses, a jump from 6.5 per cent four years ago. Among the worst-off provinces is Quebec, which has put to introduce an official strategy on computer education. Of 223 school boards, only 19 have access to computer terminals.

In all schools the need for computer time for students availability of equipment, but at Earl of March there are more than 50 students for whom this presents no problem. They own their own. Where once part-time job earnings were channeled into a stereo system or a used set of wheels, high tech has now captured his. The rush is on to own a microcomputer, which can cost from \$800 to \$1,000, and one 18-year-old has already upgraded a meandering hobby into a profitable skill. David Thompson has been contacted by the Canadian Board of Education to develop a timetable for his "professional activity day," which involves close to 1,000 teachers.

A consortium of 35 high-technology firms, called Cancomp (Canadian Educational Microprocessor Corp.), hopes to mirror Canada's first educational microcomputer in time for the 1989/90 school year. "Cancomp's goal," says Managing Director David Fraser, "is to produce computers at competitive prices for every subject from kindergarten to Grade 13."

The question is not whether Cancomp will find a market but whether it can produce its microcomputers fast enough to meet the exploding demand from schools. That is, from most schools, because, says the OTF's Dixon, there are those that still seem to be untouched by the educational revolution. "There are teachers and administrators who aren't aware of the juggernaut," he says. "But it's going to get to the point that, when computers aren't in the room, the public will simply say, 'The school is antiquated—get it fixed.' We're moving toward a computer in every desk, in every classroom." And soon, it seems.

—JULIE VAN DUSEN



NARU's John Kelly, 41, who made his first million at Spinehouse. "When you pay three or four dollars a month for access to it [by cable], the cost of a microcomputer at \$700 or \$800 is a real decision for a household."

Kelly's rationale is simple. "Why not? Resources will do it." The power of a system such as Telsim or NARU has forward-looking (like Parkhill) worried about the people who could not afford it, the have-nots who soon could become the know-nots. "We may have to subsidize [Telsim] or grant it to people," means Parkhill. "The ability to use their minds is their birthright."

We have had economic growth, but little economic development.—Science Council of Canada, 1981.

Wave Global Technologies gave \$50,000 worth of equipment to the com-

puter to \$100 for 1983, but, says Worden, "the firms won't participate because the program isn't there." Intel is no lot for people that it is offering a \$25,000 De Lorean sports car to whichever employee ropes in the most outside talent over a year.

There exists no national strategy yet for development of the high-tech sector—in terms of corporations or manpower. Yet high-tech companies in Canada and the United States tend to create jobs eight or nine times faster than traditional manufacturing, which is growing at the only pace of two per cent a year. No powerful political voice in Ottawa can be heard trumpeting the importance of high-tech to the nation. It seems that 16-year-old high school computer student David Thomson might be right when he says, "Most adults don't like computers" (page 25).



Matthew (left) and Copeland: 'It's not the money, it's not the power—it's the fun'

peter engineering school at Carleton University, Colin Patterson was shocked to discover that the decision tallied more than the Ontario government's grant for the program. "That's ridiculous!" Patterson exploded. "By 1983, people will be saying 'Thank you very much' [for the \$20 graduate] but where's the 600? There's no sense of urgency."

Again, with five times the population at hand, graduates 40 times the number of electrical engineers. That reduced government funding in creating new jobs in Canadian electrical engineering programs—even at the nation's high-tech capital. Enrollment is Carleton's computer engineering program could easily be one of the universities that has the resources, says Spruce Worden, dean of engineering. The requirement for electrical engineers in the Ottawa area alone is estimated at

even in the key area of research and development. Ottawa has recruited more to relocate than to feed Science Minister John Roberts announced a year ago that he would boost R-and-D spending back to 2000 levels—from when it fell to share the doorman's position with Italy among leading industrialized nations.

We should be the Switzerland of North America.—Michael Copeland.

And all the people around Ottawa Valley North, the more experienced minds about sobering thoughts. "You look at the sum total of what's going on in Ottawa and it's no more than \$200 million a year," says Warren Doyle. "By 1990 the debt deficit [in computers alone] is going to be \$20 billion. We should be absorbed for ourselves for not buying the same industry around every city." His partner, John Kelly, sat-

mates that private U.S. investment in high-tech companies is 200 times larger than in Canada. "And that is a conservative number." Canada has only two chip manufacturers (Intel and Northern Telecom), and both companies restrict themselves to work in telecommunications. Other companies are using "off-the-shelf" chips, available to anyone, anywhere. Compared with the nearly \$2 billion the Japanese government is making available for high-tech research this year, Herb Gray's \$63 million over three years seems somewhat puny.

The system clearly does not make much sense to Copeland. "I think the government should be changing ahead at 100 miles an hour," he says. "It's a worldwide race. The whole key to technology is the speed, and every year you miss as a year when someone else filled the gap. We should be the richest country in the world based on the natural resources and the talents of the people here." Yet the Science Council gloomily reported last year that the country's share of world trade in manufactured goods fell to 2.8 per cent from four per cent in the 1970s, and it concluded, "This situation can only be described as a massive failure of the country's industrial system."

All that comes so lack of sleep at Intel, Canada's or Spinehouse. "We've been looking at the American robot staff for a while, and it's really not that difficult," a Spinehouse staffer remarks in passing. As all the shofun understand, the technology is available. All you need is the money, the know-

how and the will to use it. The Intel brains talk extensively of opportunities in the Third World where only one phone exists for every 100 people, compared to North America's 35 phones per 100. Jack Davidson, president of Spinehouse to \$200-million sales by 1985, the same year Copeland and Matthews plan to celebrate the \$1-billion mark at Intel. "We look ahead and see what we can do, and it's mind-boggling," says Davies. Investment is not of the question. "It's not the money, it's not the power—it's the fun," explains an man close to Copeland's innermost. "That's all that matters." "We're going to walk all over the world." Pat Beave bubbles back in the confidence of a 25-year-old high-tech whiz who knows his snail mail will be in the front row of the future.

With John Van Doren in Ottawa and Michael Foster in Washington.



Victims of the violence: smashed homes and churches filled with shelled bones from, afterwards, a great fire in the night

## WORLD

# A bloody prelude to voting

By Anne Nelson and Chris Wenner

The reports were unequivocal and shocking. As many as 600 unarmed men, women and children had been slaughtered by the government's crack Altiplano regiment in El Salvador's eastern province of Morazan. Correspondents for The New York Times and The Washington Post described in poignant detail the smashed homes and the churches filled with shelled bodies. Halfway across, a mother who had witnessed the murder of four of her six children declared, "I could hear the children crying. When it was all over the lieutenant ordered the soldiers to put a torch to the campsite. There was a great fire in the night."

The revelations, stirred with consternation by the state department in Washington, were nevertheless both in context and in timing for the Reagan administration. Washington is preparing to funnel a further \$80 million in military aid to the beleaguered junta of President Napoleon Duarte. And it is the Atlantic, re-equipped with U.S. M-16 carbines last year, that has so far received most of the training assistance provided by the 54 U.S. advisors working in El Salvador. Now, the White House may find that sending still more

aid will be more complicated than had been expected. A rider in the Foreign Assistance Act, approved by Congress last month, requires the president to certify that the Salvadoran government is "achieving substantial control over all elements of its own armed forces, so as to bring to an end the indiscriminate torture and murder of Salvadoran citizens by these forces."

Still, two days after the reports were published, Reagan contended that the Salvadoran junta was making "continued progress" in controlling the military. And with no legislative mechanism to challenge his certification it seemed that the aid would go ahead. The only barrier to its progress a move by Democratic Representative Tom Harkin (of Iowa) and Gerry Studds (of Massachusetts) to introduce bills in the House this week to halt military aid.

If the strongly reported mass embarrassing reading in Washington, however, they were only one of a series of damaging setbacks for the Duarte government last week. Among other things, a group of 180 guerrillas carried out a lightning attack on the Ilopango airbase just outside San Salvador. Up to half the aircraft there were badly damaged, including four Huey helicopters provided by the United States. The

same day, Defense Minister Guillermo Garcia made the surprise announcement that six national guardsmen would be prosecuted for the murder of four American nuns, forced shot to death in December, 1980. That move creates what could prove a dangerous precedent for the death squads whose military members have hitherto enjoyed legal immunity.

Each move seemed to be calculated to have a marked effect on elections scheduled for March 26. The junta and its administration supporters hope that the voting will provide a "democratic solution" for El Salvador. The guerrillas are hoping that the outcome will demonstrate the depth of popular support for the underground leftist opposition. The odds are against any genuine democracy emerging, however, as four Canadian stragglers left last week after a visit. With 30,000 people dead and with a tactical impasse among the army, the guerrillas and the death squads—which continue to dump more than 160 bodies a week at the roadside—the atmosphere is one of fear and electoral paralysis.

In addition, the election lacks the participation of the government's opponents in the civil war. Of the four major grassroots organizations that once

Southwest in El Salvador, two groups by their acronym RIF and FAF—were now weakened or undermined in support of the left. A third group is the neo-fascist ORGUS (order) Officially disbanded and severely weakened, its remaining members have joined the left. In the death squads and they will probably support one of the two military parties in the race.

That means that the election results will be divided between fragmented rightists and the fourth of the old parties, the Christian Democrats. But the rightists are little more than clubs, and the Christian Democrats retain a nice shadow of their former power. Not only that, the Christian Democrats have been outflanked by groups further to the left and they have been alienated from their popular base because of their participation in government during the country's recent bloody history.

The campaign is also occurring under concerted attack from the guerrilla soldiers, representing roughly half the political spectrum—from social democrats to Mayistas. Some factions, like the small Democratic Party of Alliance, led by President Oscar Umaña, believe in Watergate-style open elections. Others favor voting "only after the people have been educated to the point where they cannot be taken in." But they are all united in condemning what they term the current "electoral farce." The left-leaning Church Judicial Aid group declared that it was "absurd to push any political plan" when the authorities showed a total lack of respect for human life. "Whichever candidate is debatable," it said, "dead people cannot vote."

In an attempt to dispel some of the doubts about the elections, the junta is relying on a regional rotation of responsibilities and a strong public relations campaign abroad. Christian Democrats have been sent to Europe (where the guerrilla opposition has strong support), Latin America and

the United States. Observers have been invited to monitor the honesty of the electoral process.

In El Salvador itself, the conflict has been relaxed—though unofficially it continues to be exacerbated by the death squads—and opposition groups have been allowed to publish advertisements warning their case in the national press. A government-appointed election commission has worked out more than 130 regulations. These include the abolition of voters' lists—because hundreds of thousands of people have disappeared or been displaced—and the substitution of a system for asking voters' names.

But the commission has done more than merely wash democracy into existence. Its deliberations marked the start of violent fighting between the Christian Democrats and their rightist opponents for a share of the spoils of power after March 28. The Christian Democrats are under heavy attack for "wrecking" the country's tattered economy by attempting to collectivize large farms and nationalize banks and export companies. Maj. Roberto Abades, widely suspected of having masterminded the 1980 assassination of Archbishop Oscar Romero, says the Christian Democrats constitute a Trojan horse. Their declared "communitarian philosophy," says Abades, aims to wipe out the 1980 constitution, which was drafted by the Christian Democrats, and to replace it with a new one.

With the left effectively excluded from the electoral process and the only possible change in government being a swing to the right, the election has little chance of healing the country's wounds. Indeed, polling could make things worse. As one American observer, a priest and a Democrat, commented: "This is going to be another episode... whichever way you look at it. The elections are only and up demolishing democracy even further among ordinary Salvadorans." □



Dozier reunited the Brigades crack

## ITALY

### General Dozier's Great Escape

The warning sent a chill through teachers at an elementary school on the outskirts of Padua. "Keep the children indoors," said a police officer. "There's a robbery going on in the neighborhood." Moments later, a large man in a leather coat and a black hat, wearing a dark suit and a black hat, was seen running out of the school. He was General Dozier, the leader of the Red Brigades. He was seen running out of the school, and he was seen running out of the school.

Ninety seconds later, four of the five surprised terrorists guarding him had been disarmed without a fight. The fifth, who was holding a gun to the head of Dozier's head, was knocked out by a blow from a rifle butt. The general, a 46-year-old, which began when he was kidnapped at his Verona home on Dec. 17, was one.

Dozier appeared to be in good health following his release, although he had lost 13 lb. and his crewcut "is marvelous." It's marvelous," he told his Italian associates as they sped him off to Padua police headquarters. There he drank a

bat espresso and rushed to call his wife, Judith, who was in Frankfurt with the couple's daughter, Cheryl. The next day, after a shower, haircut and toothbrush, he was taken to the U.S. military base in Verona, he joined his officers and thanked them—in both sides of the Atlantic—who played for him. The last moment he spent was a thank-you to the Italian from President Ronald Reagan and a flood of congratulatory telegrams from Western capitals. But no one was more relieved than the Italian authorities themselves. It was only the second man they had succeeded in freeing—government Red Brigades kidnap victims—an Italian intellectual was released in 1979.

Prior to Dozier's release, there had seemed little hope that he would be found alive. One cause for the pessimism was his midlife crisis—he was the first U.S. soldier to be seized by the terrorists—which seemed to preclude the possibility of escape on the part of his captors. Their communications have been especially bitter about Italy's "Fascist" authorities. Another was the apparent failure of a massive manhunt by a combined force of Italian, German and American anti-terrorist squads to turn up any leads. The hunt's only achievement seemed to have been to make the kidnappers hold even more carefully to goals of communication, usually followed Red Brigades kidnappers. But this time they released only five communications and two pictures in six weeks.

In the end, however, persistence on the part of police and painstaking observation paid off. The general was found in Rome and the Tuscany and Veneto regions, where Dozier was believed held, they captured more than 20 Red Brigades members. None of these appeared directly involved in the case, but some are thought to have provided useful information. Then, only days before the rescue, came a tip from an unidentified source: Dozier was being held in Padua, the ancient university town only 34 km east of Verona.

The rescue was described by journalist Western intelligence sources as a severe blow to Italy's terrorism, whose image of inviolability appeared to have been badly cracked. But the celebration was cut short by a dramatic, though unrelated, act of terrorism in the United States. Only hours after Dozier's release, the Turkish consul-general in Los Angeles, Kemal Arslan, was slain, by two gunmen, on his car at a red light as he way to work. Responsibility for the killing was admitted by a group of Armenian terrorists. There was an obvious measure of the massacre of an early 1978 Armenian in 1975. And Arslan's murder was not the first killing carried out by the group. They shot

down his predecessor, Mehmet Baydar, in 1973 and have carried out similar attacks in several other countries.

If anything the incident served as a reminder that the war against terrorism is far from over, and Italian police were certainly not resting on their laurels. The Dozier raid produced an enormous haul of machine-guns, pistols, explosives and ammunition. It also netted 25-year-old Antonio Borsari and his girlfriend, Ravella Lova, who are considered major strategists for the guerrillas. At week's end the operation was still not over. In the days following the rescue, police continued to supported terrorism in Verona, Padua and Venice hoping for further information on the Red Brigades organization. An enhanced Vittorio Corbores put it in Turin's La Stampa, all the victory made it clear that "Italy's terrorism was not rich in its own life, thus previously thought. No one in Italy was disputing the point."

—Sara Giamatti

## SOVIET UNION

### The death of a Soviet myth

For more than three decades, he served the Kremlin as kingmaker, economist and ideological high priest. But when Mikhail Gorbachev died last week of a stroke at 73, the Soviets lost more than a potentially irreplaceable adviser of Marxist orthodoxy. His death shattered the comfortable illusion of permanence that has grown up around the unchanging group of faces in the Soviet leadership. And as Sholev—the last member of the Stalinist Old

Guard—was laid in a place of honor near Lenin's tomb at week's end, the event raised an even larger question: How would the Soviet Union's professional power broker who will replace his septuagenarian colleagues when they, too, are removed from office by the ravages of old age—or death?

In the case of President Leonid Brezhnev, there will not necessarily be an immediate battle for his job when it becomes vacant. There is no heir apparent to the 75-year-old leader. But at least two men stand out as likely successors: Andrei Kirilenko, now the second-ranking power figure following Sholev's death, and Pavel Medvedev, Nikolai Tikhonov. But neither of them is younger than Brezhnev—Kirilenko is 70 and Tikhonov, 76—and neither man would likely retain the post for long.

In the longer term, the party will be forced to look to its future rank for a new generation of leaders. Viktor Grishin, for one, would be a logical candidate. But the 67-year-old Moscow regional party chief suffered a massive heart attack last fall and he is believed to be in ill health. Another candidate is Mikhail Gorbachev. Personally selected by Brezhnev and known as a highly intelligent and shrewd politician, he entered the Politburo at the start of his (for the Soviet Union) young age of 49 in 1980. Gorbachev put his in charge of agriculture, the Achilles heel of the Soviet system. But, like his predecessors, Gorbachev failed to improve the dismal agricultural production system. Last year's harvest was disastrous and even if Gorbachev holds on to his job it would be only for a future opponent to use his failures on the farm to defeat him.

At the same time, the secrecy that



Brezhnev, his premier Alexei Kosygin and Sholev are the greatest men?



Dozier: under attack from rightists for "wrecking" the country's economy

...the Soviet leadership may also seek unknown figures lurking in the corners of the Kremlin who will move forward and take firm control. But that is considered unlikely by Soviet experts.

Paradoxically, events in Poland could well provide the most significant pointer to the future. As in the case in Warsaw, the most efficient organization in Moscow is not the Communist Party but the army. The Soviet military has already shown it is ready to make additional last week the high command started the first joint conference given by generals since the war. And it was quite clear that the reason was their dissatisfaction with the propaganda work done on their behalf by the party apparatus. If the party hierarchy sticks into civilian life, fighting with the current government reports, it may well be the case in uniform who will seize the mantle of authority.

—KERRI CHARLES in Moscow.

## POLAND

### Time to get the act together

External Affairs Minister Mark MacGillivray conceded the difficulty openly. "We've obviously had some problems with our public relations in Poland," he acknowledged last week. Then, finally, Pierre Trudeau and MacGillivray sorted out their differences. They concluded a new, firmer line that even drew loud words from Polish-Canadian leaders. The minister drew a speech by Polish leader Gie. Wojciech Jaruzelski, which MacGillivray dismissed as "rather disappointing." The reason while pronouncing as end to martial law "as soon as possible." Jaruzelski did not act a date and he laid out no hope that Solidarity will re-emerge as an independent trade union. On top of that, U.S. Secretary of State Alexander Haig said, after talks with Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko in Geneva, that the situation "casts a long, dark shadow" over East-West relations.

After more than a month of assembly contradictory positions, Trudeau declared that he and four Polish-Canadian leaders had agreed that "there should be a relaxation and cessation of martial law," that Solidarity and the Roman Catholic Church should be invited to join talks with Polish authorities, and that prisoners rounded up following the imposition of martial law last December should be released. Earlier, MacGillivray announced that Canada is now "open" to a study of a unified



Tanks in Warsaw: 'we must ask ourselves if there was a better solution'

application of economic sanctions against the Soviet Union. "We're glad, finally, that the Canadian government has shifted its position," said Jan Kucub, president of the Canadian Polish Congress.

More serious than the clash over sanctions to Poland was the realignment by ministers that the external affairs department's historic ability to develop coherent, consistent policies had broken down. Accordingly, Trudeau scheduled a special session with foreign policy experts this week in an attempt to map out a more considered response to Polish developments.

They will need to act fast if they are to keep up with the allies, let alone the Polish situation. At week's end, France let it be known that, like West Germany, it opposed sanctions. And while Jaruzelski's announcement seemed unbinding, it was widely seen in Europe as a defensive move to advance of huge price increases due to go into effect this

week. This week, the cost of basic foodstuffs, energy and home utilities was due to increase by as much as 500 per cent. Jaruzelski is unlikely to lose for good that for less devastating measures got several of his predecessors into serious trouble with angry Poles.

Moreover, what Haig appeared to have pulled fifth sanctions from his lengthy talks with Gromyko. European commentators noted that the Soviet foreign minister had abandoned his customary reserve sufficiently to note that the U.S.-Soviet confrontation had not yet grown so acute as to revive the Cold War. "All is not lost yet," he said, and observers took his words as a sign that some progress had been made on Poland.

For its part, Ottawa's new line flowed from a month-long clash behind the scenes between Trudeau and MacGillivray, which, so far, was reflected down the ranks of the foreign policy bureaucracy. On the one hand, there was



Trudeau and MacGillivray: a month-long clash that may finally be resolved

Perre Trudeau, the honorable member from Multnomah, who accepted the post-Volts theory of "spikes of influence" and maintained that martial law was better than a Soviet invasion. "You enter except what's happened in Europe in the past 40 years or you don't," says a Trudeau supporter. On the other hand, there was the more hawkish MacGillivray, a coal miner who joined to the Al Heig school of hard-bashing MacGillivray finally persuaded Trudeau that the return to normalcy in Poland, as the prime minister put it, "is not involving fast enough."

Domestic politics clearly played a role in last week's new line. Because of outrage in constituencies with big Polish votes, James Fleming, minister of

state for multiculturalism, urged Trudeau to make peace with the Polish leaders. But Trudeau's original stance, intriguingly, was shaped by another bit of domestic reality: he too used troops to put down apprehended trouble. As the prime minister allowed in the Commons last week, "I do not believe that to advance we can or should consider the use of troops by any of our friends, if it is to avoid a worse result. We have used to avoid the War Measures Act in 1970." The "traps," he said, was different. But for Trudeau, the thorny Polish issue posed the same dilemma: "We must ask ourselves if there was a better scenario."

—ROBERT LOVINS

With Peter Lewis in Brussels and Jan Gual in Geneva.

## Forks in the road to socialism

At the local party headquarters in Rome's Trastevere district the atmosphere was electric. Workers sat around talking intently. Empty espresso cups, long forgotten, lay half hidden under the open pages of *L'Unità*, the Italian Communist Party (PCI) daily. Headlines announced the last time up to date long-considered dispute between the PCI and its Soviet counterparts.

For years there have been differences of opinion over Czechoslovakia, China, Afghanistan, and the Soviet Union's domination of the international Communist movement. But last week's broadcast by Pravda, the Soviet party daily, and the PCI's five-page response left many Italian Communists asking whether the dispute signalled an irreversible break or merely an ideological rift that can still be healed.

From Moscow's point of view, Pravda's 3,500-word unsigned critique was amply justified. Not only had the Italian party given strong support to Poland's Solidarity trade movement, it had sharply condemned the imposition of martial law. Not only that, the Italian party



Disputer Arditio exhausted

and events in Poland as the basis for a thorough consideration of all the wrong turns taken on the Soviet road to socialism.

In Rome, experts speculated that Poland had given PCI leader Bettino Craxi a long-awaited excuse to make it finally and firmly clear that Soviet

practices was not applicable in Italy, where Communists have flourished by playing the parliamentary game. In Craxi's view, the slight, graying Arditio proclaimed that "the progressive threat of the October revolution had been exhausted." Then there came a 17-page blast insisting that solutions to man's problems could be better sought in the social democracies of Europe than in

Third World "revolutionary" societies. The challenge left the Soviets with no choice but to strike back. Pravda charged that Bettino and his henchmen were "giving direct aid to imperialism." The Italian "third way" was one of several "existing alternatives designed to lead the working class astray." The article was a direct appeal to the PCI's rank and file, but it seemed unlikely to undermine the PCI's leadership. There were some, such as Rome PCI member Silvio Gervasi, who thought a break with Moscow would be a "real mistake." But many of Gervasi's colleagues appeared ready to rally behind Bettino.

Giorgio Arditio, vice-president of the province of Turin and a longtime Communist, said party pride would thwart the Soviets if they were to try to split the PCI. Whoever the rule, he said, he was one of many who were glad the explosion had come. Defeated Arditio: "This will finally give us a chance to get rid of what is left of the Soviet myth."

—SARA GLADY



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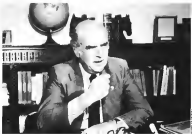


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Papandreou dragging Greece into the 20th century despite right-wing lies

GREECE

## A Socialist pilgrim's progress

**T**he event was last week's synod of the Greek Orthodox Church. There, fired by a charge that he is soft on socialism, the church's leader, Archbishop Seraphim, angrily jacked the banner of his anti-conservative caucus, Bishop Averous. But most of the anger was directed at the Socialist government's proposal to phase out marriage on a par with religious ceremonies—a move that Justice Minister Kostas Alexopoulos says will go ahead despite strident clerical disapproval. That was not surprising. Willingness to risk the ire of the conservative establishment in order to drag Greece into the 20th century has been a theme of Prime Minister Andreas Papandreou's first 100 days.

As well as instituting civil marriage, the government is determined to abolish existing legislation making sodomy a crime, end capital punishment and legalize abortion. In addition, Papandreou has already lowered the voting age to 18 and attempted to lead the nation by Greece's better 1984-85 civil war. Papandreou's opponents denounce such emotionally charged, but unresponsive, reforms—and the government's foreign policy grandstanding—as diversionary tactics. The prime minister's critics contend that the measures are intended to disguise the lack of progress in carrying out planned economic reforms, which have been strangled by the worldwide recession and Greece's own stagnant growth.

The government's limited maneuverability in the economic sphere was apparent from Papandreou's nationwide

television announcement of his program earlier this month. He promised little in the way of innovation, apart from vague undertakings to socialize key industries by giving employees a greater role in decision making and to extend more credit to small businesses. He did not present any solid ideas as to how to tackle inflation, currently at 25 per cent and likely to rise further following an average 80-per-cent hike in utility bills and a 40-per-cent increase in lower-income salaries.

But in the arena of foreign policy Papandreou has involved more favorable electoral reviews. He has regularly defied Washington and the NATO allies, and the confrontations have been portrayed as demonstrations of national pride. When Greece was criticized for consistently dragging its feet on Pined, Papandreou promptly countered that his position was very similar to that of France—and almost identical to that of Canada.

Papandreou's willingness to pursue an independent course was vividly demonstrated recently when he decided to allow Soviet naval supply ships to use facilities at Greek stopovers. After the preceding conservative government granted such facilities to the Soviets in 1978, the United States condemned the action and ultimately forced an about-face. Thus time the state department only ex-

pressed disapproval. And Washington will now bloody drop the matter rather than risk straining relations with Athens even further.

Tetras observers in Athens say Papandreou's gestures toward policy tactics serve to partly his left-wing supporters and they also create room for bargaining in Greece's forthcoming negotiations on the future of U.S. military bases in Greece. Papandreou hopes to receive substantial military aid—last week he announced that Greece was considering buying Tornado aircraft, as well as U.S. F-16 and French Mirage 2000 fighters. And he also wants guarantees against any attack by Turkey in return for allowing them to be stationed there.

While strengthening his hand in this way, however, Papandreou seems to have abandoned his pre-election pledges to pull Greece out of the European Community and the NATO alliance. Indeed, Greek withdrawal from NATO would only strengthen relations between NATO-led Turkey and the Reagan administration, while undermining Greek hopes for unchallenged sovereignty over the Aegean Sea. Papandreou's earlier promise of a referendum on the membership paves an even stickier problem. Constitutionally, the decision rests with President Constantinos Karamanlis and, as the architect of Greece's accession to the community, he is unlikely to agree.

Papandreou's concessions have led former conservative foreign minister Constantinos Mitsotakis to remark that he has perfected the tactic of glorifying retreat. In domestic affairs, the conservatives have criticized a shakedown of the civil service in which thousands of public employees face dismissal. The opposition charges that Papandreou is trying to establish a one-party state. But his rivals' record, while an alibi, deflates the civil service with party loyalty—to say nothing of survivors of the "Greece's" dictatorship—has taken much of the sting out of the criticism.

Although much of the election night euphoria that greeted Papandreou's victory has disappeared, his parliamentary majority is overwhelming, and the threat of military intervention no longer hovers over political life. As the prime minister himself said "I am moved by the moral support extended to us by the Greek people. We will continue our drive to honor their expectations." The next 100 days may provide a litmus test of Papandreou's confidence.

—MICHAEL SHAPIRO

Archbishop Seraphim



U.S.A.

## Reagan mounts an offensive



Vice President George Bush congratulates his boss: a new ring at the circus

By Michael Posner

**T**he key to Ronald Reagan's political success in 1981 was his ability to make his own decisions—budget and tax reform—dominate on the agenda in Congress. In time and in time, he controlled the debate. Last week, from the august podium of the House of Representatives, the president delivered his first state-of-the-union address. With his initial proposals for reordering federal-state responsibilities, it was a message clearly aimed, once again, at seizing and riveting the nation's attention.

Indeed, the actual word of Reagan's "new federalism" is for the moment almost irrelevant—though it is sure to feel a long and spirited discussion in the months ahead, its chief recommendations will be to draw the political focus away from the sensitive subject of budget deficits. By the administration's own optimistic reckoning, the 1982 deficit will approach \$35 billion. Given congressional support to new budget cuts and tax increases, the deficit will drop to \$78

billion by 1984. But a significant body of economic opinion still does not accept the budgetary assumptions on which the Reagan projections are based. Even columnist Allen Gershtman, a Reagan adviser, contends that the president's program cannot succeed unless "long-term interest rates come down somewhat."

What makes the financial markets jittery, however, is the fear that the Treasury's continued borrowing needs—coupled with the Federal Reserve Board's tight grip on the money supply—will keep interest rates high, stalling the expected recovery from the current recession. In an election year,

few would blame the administration for opening a new ring at the circus.

The new federalism is neither new nor particularly federalist. But it is consistent with Reagan's long-held view on the proper role of the federal government. The growth in federal programs over the past half century, the president insisted last week, has made Washington "more pervasive, more intrusive, more unmanageable, more ineffective."

Koch displaying the swag



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# Clansmen collide with the bottom line

By Malcolm Gray

After years of playing in obscurity, Simon Fraser University's Clansmen are suddenly the most talked-about team in Vancouver. The football team that performed before a collection of friends, relatives and ball-watching parents (and some crowd-spectators) is being asked for some off-field, off-season reasons. SFU, the first university in Canada to offer athletic scholarships above the table, is considering dropping its football program as one way of reducing the university's \$1.5-billion deficit.

Fielding a team in the school's red-white-and-blue colors costs more than \$100,000, the biggest single item in the university's \$400,000 athletic budget. Another \$40,000 will be saved if outdoor track and field is also scrapped.

Football and track aren't being picked on. Cuts are spread throughout the university, but SFU President George Pedersen is slightly nettled that most people are talking only about saving the Clansmen. Five lecturers in the English department are also due for the chop but as yet have not signed a request to keep their classroom. Centennial Falls, British Columbia, is the Clansmen's home.

The Clansmen are especially revered that SFU football may vanish. Since the Clansmen started playing against small American colleges in 1965, 69 players have gone on from Simon Fraser to play in the CFL. Of the 126 Clansmen in the CFL last year, 24 were SFU grads, including the CFL's leading receiver, Dave Cutler of the Edmonton Eskimos.

So far, though, SFU head-wringing over the threatened loss of an efficient feeder system has not produced an offer of league money. There is even less chance of the Lions helping out since they have their own annual deficit to worry about.

"The Lions are almost penniless and when I have the CFL, I know that if I had to wait for money from them I'd be old and grey before I got it," said Bob Woodward who played 15 years in the CFL before becoming the coach of the Clansmen. He thinks that the plan to drop football is shortsighted. And he claims that the benefits of the program go beyond the team to younger players who attend annual football clinics.

and SFU football alumni must to consider ways of getting the cash on expenditures and well-known donors for a \$1-million endowment fund that would support the team.

While he waits to see if the money will come in, Lorne Davies, the school's athletic director, deals once again with supporters that the Clansmen might get more support if they played regularly against Canadian schools. The biggest game each year is always against SFU's cross-town rivals, the University of Columbia. The underdogs.

That game attracted 12,000 fans last year and raised \$75,000 for the United Way campaign, but it hasn't helped. "Before the money would come automatically if the Clansmen played other Canadian schools," says Davies. "I've done that and they have even fewer fans than we do," he said.

When the Clansmen aren't being ignored the team is being confused with big American college football powers. "The amount of money we spend here wouldn't even pay for the telephone bills for recruiting at major U.S. schools," Davies said.

The team was hardly spectacular last year, scoring three games and losing seven.

Woodward maintains, though, that the SFU athletes, which included games against four American schools that were mutually ranked, was the toughest ever followed by a Canadian college team.

So far no one has suggested that SFU follow the lead of the University of Victoria, which recently bought in the San Diego Chicken to try and get fan support for its basketball team. If the attempt to raise money isn't successful, track coach Bob Klischee knows one way to bargain hunters at least can save money. The track team last year replaced its 30-year-old suits (worth \$15,000 now) with \$100 suits. It won't be needing them if the cuts go through. ☐



Football Clansmen: a \$1.5-million deficit with scholarships is the balance



Felix Wankner (left) triumphantly spinning Thomson during her way to Brandon

## A year-long hunger satisfied

It was a hungry Kay Thomson who deflected Canada's skating prince, Tracy Wainman, in a dramatic free-skating finale at the Canadian Figure Skating Senior Women's Championship. The two Toronto skaters took their stage last week, and the showdown came during their four-minute routines Friday night.

Wainman, who 18 months earlier became the youngest skater ever to win the Senior Women's title at age 13, was steered down enough by a case of the stomach flu to skate a lackluster short program and finish third. But Wainman regained her health quickly and was perfectly fit on the final day. "My ultimate goal was to beat Tracy," said the 17-year-old Thomson.

Yet the terrific sparrer started her show rearing on a jump malfunction. The shaky beginning was salvaged with intricate spins and a sequence of triple turns before the capacity crowd of 5,500 at the Keystone Centre in Brandon, Man. The dark-haired Thomson, in a jet-black outfit with silver sparkles, powered across the ice, but the dry, waxy air began to take its toll. "It was so dry out there I was getting a little tired. I just reached inside for the last bit of strength I had. 'If I fall, I fall,' I thought, 'but I'm going to go for it.'"

The marks, ranging from 5.4 to 5.8 on a one-point scale, left room for a possible comeback by Wainman, but the Canadian female athlete of 1981 had lost some of her sparkle. Wainman, who had

## A dream cracked by a jump too far

Last week in St. Martin, Switzerland, Herve Rohu was poised on the ice to attempt the 75-m jump. After a first and second at Sagami, Japan, and a historic double win at Thunder Bay, Ont., Rohu was atop the ski jumping world. He had just jumped 94 m, landing at the "K-point," the critical landing distance. "In 90 per cent of the competitions if someone lands at the K-point, the starting-point is lowered to reduce speed," Rohu said Saturday. "I was in a good position to win it. But last Thursday the jury did not mean 'I guess they wanted an exciting competition.' Rohu was allowed to jump. He landed past the K-point, 1.5 m beyond the fall record. 'The jury must have thought my first jump was perfect, but the second was better. I landed in some fresh snow and my skis stuck.' Rohu tumbled, breaking his collar bone.

The fall cracked Rohu from World Cup leader to second, an remarkable upset seemingly lost. But reminiscences with contacts in Ottawa last week offered hope. "They say I'll be able to jump in three weeks, in time for the world championships," Rohu told World Cup press. The championships, ski jumping events toward World Cup points. The championships meet in Lake Placid, N.Y., will be the first of the 10-jump second half of the jumping season. "What happened in St. Martin has happened, nothing can be done about it. If my hopes of finishing first overall are not that high now, the hope won't be completely healed. If I finish well I'll be satisfied."

—BLA GIBSON

Felix Wankner: a winning competitor



Fifty-six years is a long time to be crying the blues, but the legend of B.B. King has been built on tears. "If I was to sit down and just start talking, it would be very boring," he claimed last week in Toronto. "Blues is a way of expressing a way of letting people know how you feel." It was also the way out for an enterprising nine-year-old who first made a living plowing plantation fields in the Deep South. Afterward his black-and-blue wailing with the sobbing of his guitar, Lucille, King spends 300 nights a year on the road with his seven-man band. It's a life that has left the three-eyed man with two broken marriages, a highway of women who have "justly" left him, and a repertoire of hundreds of love-gone-wrong songs. "Nobody out there loves me but my mother," he means "and she could be just a too."

Eldest Quebec actress Celine Dion is hardly a plastic subject. But on CBC-TV's *For the Record* segment *High Card*, she becomes the subject of actor Chuck Shumata's wurtian plastic spangles with credit cards. Lament, who is best known for sitting her throat on a fish tank in the 1978 film *The Silent Partner*, plays a model in Card who is courted shamelessly by Shumata on the wings of revolving credit. "He goes into debt for me, but in the end he finds out it is true love, not air-charge, that lasts," says Lament, 36, who admits to having had "affairs" with credit cards herself. *High Card*, which will be aired next month, marks the end of a year-long rebellion for the actress during which she studied Italian and history at



B.B. King hugging his guitar, Lucille. Shed eyes and a highway of ocular tears.

Camden University while movie deals in Los Angeles fell through and the Canadian film industry took over. The Lament solution to the issue of under-worked Canadian performers: "I would invite Francis Ford Coppola to my place for dinner," she says. "It would be a very quiet affair with only a few people. Then we could, you know, talk." Seebebe, with Bland count of her Gallic charm, it might just work.



Lament: under the influence of Shumata's spangles

One of the cruelest old men of the sea, 59-year-old U.S. Admiral **James G. Rickover**, was retired against his will at midnight last Sunday by **Franklin Roosevelt**. A naval officer for 52 years, Rickover had been in charge of America's nuclear navy program for the past 30 years. That entitled him to make a few famous last remarks: "The arms race is so far out of control that the human race will probably blow itself up in a nuclear war." Then, commenting on the bureaucracy, Rickover grumbled: "To increase the efficiency of the defense department you'll

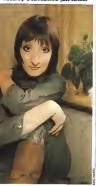
first have to abolish it. If it cannot be abolished, the people who are there should be divided into three groups, with one doing the work and the other two writing letters in longhand to each other so they would not get in the way."

In China, when a leader is out of sight, conjecture immediately occupies the mind. As a result, it was not surprising that when Vice-Chairman **Deng Xiaoping** failed to appear with other senior officials at a lunar new year celebration last week the Peking rumor mill ground into action. Was the 73-year-old Deng (1917) Was he in political trouble? Or was he finally acting on his long-stated wish for retirement? Some foreign journalists were told Deng had come down with the flu. Others said the Russians were circulating stories that Deng had been arrested. The foreign ministry was so swamped with calls that it finally issued a statement: "Vice-Chairman Deng Xiaoping's health is very good and he spent the spring festival away from Peking." The ministry welcomed obliquely Western diplomats in Peking were amazed by the remark: "He's not supposed to appear," said one western European. "He can have a cold, can't he?" A more plausible explanation is that, unlike Mao's self-perpetuated image of a semi-deity, Deng is opposed to personality cult. He simply wants to make the people realize that he is not going to be there forever.

The body means every word of it. "Miss Simone does not sing anybody else's songs anymore." Squealing with the fiercely articulate voice, part howl, part growl, that has made her legendary among jazz and blues fans, the 48-year-old singer-platonic-composer-traveller is now calling the tunes (she wrote all 14 songs on a yet-to-be-released album recently recorded in Paris), although there was confusion in Montreal last week about what's paying the paper: Simone, who first gained prominence in the 1960s by performing such defiant material as the self-penned *Messinger Goodman*, wound up in the custody of Montreal's consulate when she was unable to pay a hotel bill. Her release came only after she made a deal with a local club owner to perform this week in exchange for the \$120 room. At week's end, the owner was holding her passport as security. As for the \$450 he offered to pay her for the three-night engagement, Simone said: "Nobody is hell pay me so little money... There is no reason to make me feel like an insect."

Toronto comedian **Keith McCaffrey** laughs as she tells the story of her closest brush with Broadway. "This typical producer, big cigar, two blazers, puts his hands on my face and says, 'You're thinking of doing a musical to Paddy Day. When you hit the pavement in New York, honey, there will be no stopping

McCaffrey: a comedian's gall cartoon



The legendary Miss Simone in perfect composure, making her last like an insect

you, Amy! It was downhill from there." The show was *Say Hello to Mercury*, and although the role of Myrtle Mae was a great opportunity for the then 35-year-old and its venue—the Royal Alexandra Theatre—inspired her parents, the benny trip ended after her weeks last fall. Undaunted, McCaffrey looked the easy and critically applauded part of Willie Rish, the Baroque socialist, in *Alan Rickman's* popular play, *After Five* over at Hammers. Her good, wide-eyed stare and uncouthly piggle also won her a TV encounter with sinner **Steve Fudwin** and parts in CBC-TV's *Remix '84*—a 16-year-old as a pig dealer—and *The Great Deception*—a 30-year-old hog. But though McCaffrey is the first to suggest she is not the stuff of which sequenes are made, she does want to project a more serious image in her next two plays, *Real Coward's Private Lives* and *Francis Ford's* new *Miss Dora*. And when she says "I would kill to do a film," there isn't a trace of humor in her funny face.

Despite Windsor, Ont., Mayor **Bert** a corporate giant prediction that only a corporate giant would show up, more than 1,200 Windsor residents gathered at a town hall meeting last week to talk positively about their beleaguered city. The meeting was called by Ald. **Keith Kelloway**, 51, whose initial bid for the city's mayor was quipped by the Kentucky Fried Chicken sign that welcomed people from Detroit to Canada with a somewhat malfunctioning **WICKER CHICKEN**. But with an unemployment rate of 14.9 per cent and a population loss of 4,800 over the past five years, Windsor's mayor is far from happy. As the subject of the speculation, Kelloway is, however, not overburdened by his prospects: "I'm too old to sit on the sidelines wondering what will happen," he says.

proper and the display of I LOVE WINSTON stickers. (One wag suggested that a POLITICAL WINSTON would be more realistic.) Most of the serious anglophones centred on attacking American tariffs and expounding the national pride. A second meeting to hear 50 more ideas is scheduled for that week. "It's almost as if it's triggered a flood," exclaimed the delighted Kelloway. One local businessman was less thrilled, but admitted, "It's better than no flies in the street."

Ministraling an illness of vigorous political life is difficult enough in the House of Commons, where the Liberals have governed for 46 of the past 47 years. But in the Senate, where experience is dictated by the rules of the other chamber, life can be lonely indeed for a Tory. So, to enter at least a few nonpartisan Conservatives, **Pierre Trude** announced eight years ago as a result of political expediency against not Trude's promise to replace retiring Conservatives with politicians of the same stripe. As a result, when **Alister Gossart**, the architect of John Diefenbaker's election victory, retired last December, a rare opportunity arose for someone to join the 24 Tories in the 106-seat chamber. According to word on the Hill, the likely Conservative is likely to be **Bill Kelly**. He is the 66-year-old lawyer who was instrumental in persuading **William Davis** to run for the Ontario Conservative leadership 11 years ago and then provided him with the wherewithal to triumph in the next four elections. Also on the short list are Tory war-horses **John Bennett** and **Harold Jackson**, but Kelly is favored because of his Davis connection. As the object of the speculation, Kelly is, however, not overburdened by his prospects: "I'm too old to sit on the sidelines wondering what will happen," he says.

—EDITED BY BARBARA RICHMOND

# Rough times in the Shaklee empire

By John Taylor

For true believers, the full list of Shaklee's food supplements virtually guarantee longevity and vigor. Two weeks ago that devotion was seriously shaken when health-food addicts learned that during the 1970s the San Francisco-based Shaklee Corp. had used a highly toxic and slowly accumulating substance in its alfalfa tablets.

Equally disturbed was the financial community. When the story broke in *The Wall Street Journal*, trading on Shaklee stock was suspended at the New York Stock Exchange. Then, when trading resumed last week, Shaklee stock plummeted by 30 per cent, and suddenly prospects for the company looked grim. "They've walked into a wall," said Ryan Stevens, an analyst for Stittman, Hayward & Co.

Shaklee has always been a controversial operation. Founded by a sometime carnival worker and chiropractor named Forrest Shaklee in 1956, it has grown into an international health-food empire with sales last year of \$664 million (U.S.). Since Shaklee products are not available in stores, the company's success depends entirely on its legion of hundreds of thousands of devoted distributors in the U.S., Canada, the United Kingdom

and alfalfa tablets, the Gennells turned to a second vitamin, produced by Eshonix Corp. Shaklee maintained that move was benign. In less than a year, the company fired the Gennells and sent them for \$1.6 million, charging that the couple had unfairly disparaged Shaklee products and tried to lure other Shaklee employees to Eshonix.

The Gennells, however, produced charges of their own. In a federal court



Shaklee's president, G. Gary Shorrock, the damage had been done.

and Japan. These representatives travel door-to-door selling Shaklee vitamins, minerals and such "natural" household items as Shaklee's Desert View deodorant cream. Most of them endorse the "Shaklee way of life" (use five products are known to gobble down as many as 60 alfalfa tablets a day), and they are spared as by both business, press and law.

Shaklee's current troubles started with the induction of two former distributors, Franklin and Elly Marie Gennell. The husband and wife team used to travel throughout Utah selling the Shaklee line—and at times took home more than \$200,000 a year. In late 1977, the Gennells ran into difficulties with the Shaklee headquarters over a sudden shortage of alfalfa tablets, use of their best sellers.

To keep their customers supplied

in Salt Lake City, their attorney submitted a petriol memorandum saying they would prove that in 1973 Shaklee chemists discovered bacteria in the company's alfalfa tablets. To distribute the pills, the brief claimed, Shaklee "made a conscious decision to treat the alfalfa with a chemical called ethylene oxide." The U.S. Food and Drug Administration (FDA) believes that the chemical can cause cancer and has banned its use in gasoline or solid form in most foods.

The FDA does permit a minute quantity (50 parts per million) of ethylene oxide residue in a few grocery items such as nuts and spices. The Gennell memorandum claimed that Shaklee was aware of ethylene oxide's carcinogenic potential but still used the chemical in concentrations of up to 3,000 parts per million in its alfalfa tablets. According

to the memorandum, Shaklee discovered the practice in 1977 and destroyed its supply of the tablets—thereby causing the shortage.

Undeterred by these charges, Shaklee pressed forward with its suit, and last year a Utah jury declared that the Gennells must pay Shaklee \$56,561 in damages after they argued that none of the Gennell accusations were credible. "If they had just stayed with the truth, they'd have hurt Shaklee enough," said jury foreman Hal Halladay. The award did not approach the sum demanded by Shaklee, nor even begin to cover the company's legal costs. With both sides claiming victory, *The Wall Street Journal* grew interested in the story and sent a reporter to Salt Lake City. But Shaklee asked the presiding judge to seal the records in the case, claiming that the Journal would "misuse" the information. The judge issued a temporary seal on the records—in order that the Journal contained as illegal and that Shaklee defended.

That corporate stiff-arm seemed to bring out the Journal's nostrils for blood. The paper spent seven weeks interviewing jurors, former Shaklee employees and court readers who had seen the records. Two weeks ago the newspaper produced a devastating front-page article that

highlighted Shaklee's use of ethylene oxide, detailed Shaklee's harassment of the Gennells and described Shaklee's efforts to hinder Journal reporter Victor Korman. Shaklee rushed out a statement denouncing the article as "deliberately misleading and erroneous."

But by week's end it was clear the damage had been done. Morale among Shaklee employees was reportedly suffering, and Wall Street analysts were less than optimistic about the stock's near-term future. Said Shaklee's legal counsel, Paul Gensberg: "The article hurt the reputation of our products and our people." The Journal was decidedly unapologetic. Said Executive Editor Frederick Taylor: "We tried to get their side of the story, they wouldn't co-operate." For Shaklee, it was an expensive lesson in how not to run a public relations campaign. ☐



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## TRAVEL

# Disputing tours that heal

By John Masters

Twenty-five years ago, when Donald Douglas was in his teens and working as a magazine's assistant, he was a reasonable price to pay for subzero sleighs of head trucks. But infatuated with Douglas, now 44, and his wife, Valerie, 43, were married at having to pay \$4,000 last year for a 17-day jaunt in a faith-healing centre in the Philippines and getting, they say, little more than the same curative magic.

New the farming couple from Orono, Alta., 130 km south of Calgary, has lived out in the British Columbia Supreme Court against Landmark Travel Ltd. of Vancouver, which sold them the tour. The Douglases are suing for damages for mental distress, physical incontinence and loss of enjoyment of their holiday. They also claim that the "faith-healing" performed on Mr. Douglas for heart problems, bronchitis and arthritis was a fraud and that the "healer" slipped animal tissue and chicken blood into the procedure.

"When you stand behind the faith healers," notes Mr. Douglas, "they give very serious. Most customers do." The Douglases' actions, believed the first of its kind, is concerning the dozens of faith-healing tours that have become a lucrative business. (Although the suit names a B.C. company, many of the agency takes place in oil-rich Alberta.) As many as 5,000 Albertans, and growing numbers of health seekers from the rest of Canada, will plunk down about \$5,000 each this year for a 2½-week stay in sunny, coastal Bismarck, a resort city 200 km northwest of Manila. Most of the pilgrims will be over 40, suffering afflictions that range from arthritis to cancer. For some the trip will be a last desperate gambit. (Known Canadians were killed last week when their bus in Baguio collapsed with another just south of the city.)

Faith-healing tours have been available in Canada for nearly a decade. Dis-

counting travel agent Jess Zries of Odyssey Travel Ventures, the midwestern for South Seas shamans, he has been taking groups to Baguio seven times a year since 1975, frequently with more than 100 per flight. But only in the past year or so has increased competition because heeded, ignoring into hard newspaper ads showing actual gory "operations" and promotional shows travelling Paul Albers, such as the fact that attacked the Douglases. Most in community halls, local hotels or someone's house, the sales pitch often includes older slides and home movies of faith healers at work. For converted tour operators such as Zries and Norman Brenner, 60, of Red Deer, who credits faith healing with saving him from a possible heart bypass operation, the reality of soliciting patients for this dubious art is unclouding. These less common can take comfort in the generous commissions offered by airlines flying to the area, up to 25 per cent for group packages, considerably above the industry standard of eight to 10 per cent for individual bookings.

ceded. No money is charged, although donations are encouraged. Finally, Agasson offers what amounts to a six-month guarantee on his healing—patients leave their patients and have papers said to them at the centre for the rest of months.

Surprisingly, few people complain publicly. John Bess, of 214 St. Mary's in Calgary, looks down for angrier Les Seely of Red Deer, but says he stays otherwise untroubled. "If people started complaining, we would stop immediately," he says. "But nobody is complaining." At least not to him. The Alberta air reports dozens of calls praising the tours over the past three or four years, but there is little it can do. St. Paul's River of the commercial crime section of the *Edmonton* star, which is currently investigating complaints from the Douglases and others, admits the faith-healing tours "are a very difficult thing to try and take any criminal action against. The Red Deer is not about to leave the Philippines and come to Canada, and the actual fraud is taking place in the Philippines."

However accused, notes "travel" appear genuine. Correll Hall, 28, of Red Deer, was surprised from the week down after a motorcycle accident last spring. Later that same month, she underwent psychic surgery in the Phil-



The Douglases: a faith-healing holiday

ippines, along with acupuncture, massage and some electrical stimulation. But faith-healing has become upon his return by getting out of his wheelchair and walking with the aid of his girlfriend. "Now, they think I'm healthy. I hope to work on, even without me."

telling him," notes Hall. "He opened up my neck and removed some clumps of constricted blood. And it wasn't chicken blood." (Known Mrs. Douglas, "I've cleaned enough chickens in my life, I know the smell.")

Researchers, moreover, are beginning to think faith can heal, according to Judy Pugh, assistant professor of anthropology at the University of British Columbia. Studies have shown, she says, that "those kinds of manipulations [performed by faith healers] alter not only the person's experience of his illness but also the biochemical processes of the body. It's the placebo effect."

But even the powers of mind over matter may not be enough to save faith-healing tour operators from a deluge of court actions from other unhappy customers if the Douglases win their test case. "I'm not sure if it will make people aware of the truth," says Donald Douglas, who thinks others have remained silent through fear or embarrassment. Any such assault wouldn't bother most travel operators, says Les Casterton, president of the Alliance of Canadian Travel Agents—B.C., which represents more than 60 per cent of the province's travel operators. "If I had to do a faith-healing tour, I'd be willing to do something else," he says. ☐

## MEET THE HEALERS!



Travel ad for a faith-healing tour where psychic surgery

is a country where every car driver carries a faith healer. "Healer" Tony Agasson, with whom nearly all Western Canada tour operators deal, has gone to some lengths in making his services more palatable to Western masters. But Tony's backstage in western style hotels near his centre, which was the destination of those kind of last week. Agasson, though, he said, expects a simple pure on the patient's body by laying his hands on the affected spot, removes "foreign" matter—often blood clots or calcium deposits—then shrinks the pain, leaving an scar. Shoppers profess the healer actually performs only animal tissue that he has previously col-

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# Survival begins at home

By Nancy Wilson

When B.C. businessman John Jordan welcomed the high school family-studies class into his Sunnyside bedroom last June, he expected some narrow laughter and doze-off eyes. But the visitors were kind and with forthright questions. Asked at what temperature bodies are cremated, he began to blurt out blood during embalming and whether funeral directors do indeed get rich by collecting the gold teeth of corpses, Jordan answered patiently. Harried on one Grade 12 student, Jordan's mind kept red and red.

"I never realized coffin came in so many colors."

The school term is an anomaly. Across Canada, funeral directors have been joining church and service groups to their homes, leading public seminars on death and dying and demonstrating pre-planned funerals at homes for the aged. "Funeral directors are coming out of the closet," enthuses Jordan. There's more than goodwill behind the public education campaign. Faced with a decline in business, funeral directors must fight back to survive.

Canadian funeral homes numbered 1,500 in 1984, today there are fewer than 1,300. Some cities, such as Vancouver, have seen half their parlor close during that period. And Brian McGarry, president of the Ontario Funeral Service Association, warns, "Easily 90 per cent of funeral directors could face closure within the next 10 years if they don't adapt to the needs of the consumer."

As average funeral costs climb ever upward—from \$650 in



Sunnyside which few others

corpses resting in a "slender room," surrounded by floral tributes that would make Liberman blush. Along with this stereotype comes another, the funeral director as huckster, capitalizing on the grief and vulnerability of the grieving.

Combating the shyster image is a top priority for what McGarry terms "the new breed of funeral director." Accordingly, both the Ontario and the national funeral directors' associations now echo some of the practical concerns of consumer groups. Members, they say, should offer the bereaved a full range of

services—from intensive cremation or burial to a formal ceremony with all the flourish. They should also co-operate with the funeral societies by providing written price quotations and by signing contracts that bar them from raising their prices during a stipulated period of time. So far, such concessions are voluntary. But if McGarry succeeds in his current campaign, pressure funeral directors will have to provide itemized bills detailing every expense from flowers to coffin. And mandatory price advertising will be mandatory in the province (Newhere is it yet required).

While embattled funeral directors heed both the demands of consumers and the rise of the neopagan ascetics, they nevertheless insist on the importance of their own role. McGarry, a partner in Ottawa's prestigious Blake and Pagelow Ltd., which handled the funerals of Lester Pearson and John Diefenbaker, defends the profession. "We're providing the opportunity for the family to express their grief," he explains. Ottawa clinical psychologist Mary Brown agrees. "People sometimes say that funerals are too painful," says Brown, who is studying how funerals affect the bereaved. "But the funeral offers the opportunity to come to terms with the death."

Consumer groups see room for further improvement among Canada's funeral directors. (Shades! led that until the most recent coffin is displayed in every Canadian funeral home, the stricken consumer will still be vulnerable to a subtle sales pitch.) Yet in general, they applaud the profession's recent advances—particularly its response to pre-planned funerals. Last April, for example, the national association introduced a concentrated preplanning program. At no cost, consumers can now register their funeral instructions with the group's Ottawa head office.

Janice Kerr of Truro, N.S., president of the Consumers' Association of Canada, is wary of any service touted as free. "The costs of any service are always built into the final costs," she advises. But as such doubts trouble Bonnie Hartkamp, 37, who learned of the program while touring John Jordan's funeral home and has already completed her form. She wants a standard funeral, handled by Jordan, and has only one stipulation—a large coffin. "When the lid of the coffin came down I went, wow, as I wasn't be suffocated."



McGarry (centre), Sunnyside school class: combating the shyster image

# The rise of day hospitals

Every morning at 9:00 a.m. a van arrives at West Park Hospital in Toronto and disgorges its human cargo destined for the day hospital. Among the patients heading for surgery or rehabilitative therapy is red-faced George Malapitre, 76, a former rock drummer, now stricken with a severe bronchial disease and dependent on a portable oxygen tank. "I'd rather be taking," he says, but admits he's pleased he's not a permanent patient.

Not only are the costs of chronic care rising to as much as \$100 a day, but hospitals are hard pressed to free up the country's shortage of chronic-care beds. As a result, in the past two years 22 hospitals across Canada have initiated day-hospital programs to treat long-term illnesses that range from asthma to stroke. "Without these facilities," states Dr. Allen Johnson, head of West Park's program, "most of these [W] patients would be restricted to bed." Unlike the traditional outpatient clinic, the day hospital employs a team of doctors, nurses, therapists and social workers to map out treatment plans for such long-term cases. "Our objective is to postpone or avoid admission," explains Dr. Duncan Robertson, founder of the day-hospital program at Saskatoon's University Hospital.

Most patients attend a day hospital twice a week for periods varying from six months to two years. Struck victims learn how to cook for and bathe themselves, while patients with respiratory ailments practice chest expansion. Currently, most hospitals run their day programs at geriatric rates. But Vancouver's Lions Gate Hospital's program has recently expanded to include services for diabetics, the obese and people suffering from chronic back and knee problems. Laura Gair's director, John Borliwick, notes with pride that several mild cardiac patients have side-stepped the impatient beds altogether and have been placed immediately in the day hospital.

Day programs have often instilled a greater feeling of independence in their patients. "We've seen tremendous psychological improvements in them," rates West Park's executive director, Margaret Hagenman. "Learning to make the bed again or getting in and out of the bath means the person can stay at home." While studies of the program's

benefits are still in progress, Hagenman feels day-hospital cases recover more quickly than inpatients.

Despite their apparent successes, many day-hospital programs—which cost two-thirds less than inpatient treatment—have had problems securing extra funding from their provincial governments. "We were told if we wanted a day hospital, it would have to come out of our existing budget," says Saskatoon's Robertson. Because the day hospital isn't a setting for dramatic life-and-death struggles, he suspects some health ministries were initially

reluctant to loosen the purse strings. Health administrators, however, now believe day programs are worthy of more money because they could drastically alter the pattern of hospital care for the elderly and the chronically ill. "Much of the work of hospitals now treating acute episodes in long-term illnesses," explains Borliwick. "If we can break those inpatients, the hospital can operate more efficiently." But the patients have the most to gain. Says Hagenman, without flinching: "If it weren't for this place, the undertaker would have me."

—CHRISTOPHER BUCK

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# Virally induced diseases?

Although scientists have long suspected viruses—those invading multi-organism that wreak havoc on cells—to be the root cause of many serious illnesses, experts have only recently amassed enough proof to implicate them in such chronic diseases as cancer, multiple sclerosis and juvenile diabetes. Last year, a Vancouver research team successfully showed that the live rubella virus, associated with German measles and feared in the rubella vaccine, played an important role in the onset of arthritis. The evidence was so compelling that the Medical Research Council recently awarded the team \$306,000 to ferret out the exact mechanisms by which the virus may actually cause joint inflammation.

Dr. Aubrey Tingle, a pediatric immunologist at Children's Hospital in Vancouver, Janet Chantler, a virologist, and Shirley Gillam, a biochemist, point scientist, are looking specifically for a diagnostic tool that will eventually enable them to predict who is susceptible to arthritis. One possible outcome of the study could be the development of a live

virulent rubella vaccine for young children to prevent arthritis in the long term. On a broader scale, the team hopes to apply the information they gather on rubella to the other suspected virally induced diseases. If the project succeeds, the prevention of these diseases may be just a shot away.

The researchers first became interested in the rubella virus in 1976, when they found that 30 per cent of adults who had been exposed to rubella vaccine suffer some degree of arthritis two to four weeks after vaccination—ranging from mildly aching joints to severe crippling. But only recently were they able to confirm the connection between the virus and the disease when Chantler successfully isolated the live rubella virus from the bloodstream of virtually all patients with rubella arthritis. Chantler also examined children and adults with rheumatoid arthritis, which is a more degenerative and crippling disease than rubella arthritis, and found live rubella virus in one-third of adult patients, though the source of the virus in this latter group remains un-

known, it is unlikely that it came from the rubella vaccine. So far the investigators have found only one patient in whom rubella arthritis developed into rheumatoid arthritis.

The researchers now know that 10 per cent of adults who have symptoms of arthritis as a result of rubella immunization will suffer extreme pain. "Initially the literature said that all the symptoms disappear in three months," Tingle explains. "But that's not correct.



The rubella virus: a cause of arthritis?

We've had patients that we've followed for 10 years who are still having recurrent episodes."

One such victim is Anna Wilman, a 38-year-old teacher. In 1973, when she applied for a teaching license in Calgary, she was required to undergo a rubella vaccination. She complied, about two weeks later she began to experience

swelling of her big toe, and the pain soon spread to her fingers and wrists. The diagnosis, arthritis. "I was so disabled that I couldn't shift gears on my car or open a jar," Wilman recalls. "Here I was newly married and with a new job. My whole world came crashing down. It was terrifying." Wilman's arthritis, which now appears to be in remission, lasted for five years.

No one knows why some people contract arthritis as a result of the vaccine while others do not. Explains Tingle, "We could make an analogy to herpes and cold sores." Though 50 per cent of any adult population carries herpes virus, he says, only 15 per cent will develop recurrent cold sores. "The same thing is probably happening with rubella."

While rubella immunization does not immediately eliminate children, says Tingle, "the long term effects are the major unresolved issue that we have to face." Yet he firmly believes that immunization benefits outweigh the drawbacks. "From my point of view as a pediatrician, it is a good vaccine." Moreover, when given to pregnant mothers it protects the fetus from the disastrous consequences of the disease. In B.C. alone there are some 400 children who were born either with cataracts or heart defects. Many are completely deaf. Says Tingle, "Every woman considering immunization must ask herself, 'Am I prepared to take the risk of reaction in exchange for knowing that my baby will be protected?'"

Some of Tingle's colleagues worry that the group's findings may cause people to forgo immunization altogether. Says Dr. Deryn Ford, a former research associate on the project and currently research director of the Arthritis Society of B.C., "The last thing we should do is turn people off rubella vaccine by talking about arthritis." Although Chantler recognizes the grave potential consequences of nonimmunization, she takes a different view. "I would rather take the chance of getting rubella during pregnancy, and then having an abortion if that happened, than subject myself to immunization as an adult," she says. She also believes that women should at least be warned of the minimal risks of contracting arthritis as a result of the vaccine.

The solution to the problem of whether to immunize or not, and at what age, may lie in early detection of the virus—preferably in the first six months. Explains Tingle, "We're convinced that the infant picks up viruses frequently, either through the environment or from breast milk. If you're going to prevent the long-term consequences of these viruses, you have to prevent it in the newborn state, or shortly thereafter." —BRENDA RABIN

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# Invasion of the hybrids

By Bill MacVicar

Perhaps the most telling sign of what's happening—or not happening—to television this season is that the CBC, by bureaucratic fiat, has divided prime time to three hours. With the *TV-14* series, a *TV-13* series in the U.S. and a general tepidness of creativity among programmers, it is plausible that pushing *The National* an hour forward was a move of desperation. Very simply, there may have been nothing else to fill a choice slot.

Since the great renaissance of the sitcom in the early '70s and the debut of *Dallas* in 1978, producers have been unable to dream up a show to catch the popular imagination. The time-honoured genres—sitcoms, detective thrillers, long-and-dumb pageants—seem to have been mined out, and the most innovative video geneticists of the industry are breeding hybrids. *Mr. Street Blue* (YTV and independent Canadian stations) is the closest thing this season has to a hit. The critically derided police series failed to draw an audience

last winter and was under the gallbladder blade when it was a second night lineup. Rightly abused, the network headcuffs gave it a stay of execution, and now it's drawing respectable audiences. Like many of the new hybrids, *Blue* (referred, punningly, to the uniformed cops in a tough crime precinct) is a jarring mixture of slapstick and realism, social comment and wacky melodrama. Viewers should need time to catch on, this was no *Stiff* and understated *Barney Miller*.

But even though they pull the rug out from under the expectations of a passive audience, the hybrids are enjoying a slowly growing loyalty. Leaned midway through the 1990-'91 season, *The Greatest American Hero* is now a fixture on the A/V and CTV schedules. It loans the winning charm of Redford look-alike William Katt with the gungy manipulability of Robert Culp in an unlikely vehicle about a high school teacher who inherits a flying car from a UFO. Drawing weekly on the success of *Supernatural* I and II, *How* works because it takes itself even less



Michael Conrad and Michael Warren in *Mr. Street Blue*'s opening act

seriously than the black-and-white movies. A similar spin exists *Shoe & Shoe* (YTV/CBC), about a pair of brother gunners, one a smooth prepster (Jameson Parker), the other a rough-and-dumble overpilot (Gerard McManey), who are comically short of cash and do nothing right. They come up again nonetheless,

thanks to a fairy mother and a stable of cashless accessories—the ball thrown out. *Shoe* (NBC/CBC), a hybrid of a different sort, cloned from the hit musical, keeps the tormented audience with the music on and down of students in a New York high school for the performing arts and manages to smelt in some musical numbers of the sort once seen on old variety shows.

Of course, shaking up cocktails recklessly with whatever bottles come to hand doesn't always pay off. Although *Shoe* (in CBC) boasts an estimable cast led by Lily Cadogan, a promising promise set in a social-services agency catering to children and teenagers, it lacks that final grain of creative poetry to make it jell. The comedy is not situational, its meager laughs are photographed on the surface.

For those shows that larger wotah conceptual genre, the results are disappointing. Not since the days of *The Trouble with Tracy* and *My Mother the Car* has the sitcom been so down at the heels. *Street of the West* (YTV and independent Canadian stations) displays the comic timing and instinct of a soliloquist drunk in a frontier saloon. In spite of the success of *Blazing Saddles*, maybe the burly mythology of the wild West doesn't jibe well with fairs.

Most of the sitcoms seem to revolve



Parker (left), McManey, coming up close.

around chaotic households filled with beens of post-pubescent daughters and tasteless intergenerational scenarios in the order of the day. *Gimme a Break* (NBC) at least offers the pose and patina of Broadway star Nell Carter. But the others, such as *The One for One* (ABC), rely on such recycled second bananas as Ted Knight to choke

some energy into them. Knight does so more authentically than *Toy* Randall in *Love, Sidney* (NBC). Although the *Murder* Majority objected to the title character's homosexuality, you must need a holiday to the duty to figure this country's whiteness series out. And Michael Leavelle, late of *TV*, *William*, does a moderate update on *San Antonio*, *Shirley* Norrie in, what else, *Norrie* (C and independent Canadian stations).

Seasoned, or just plain tired, actresses and actors are having a television heyday. Most—Horne among them is Jonathan Winters on *Mack and Maddy* (ABC/CBC), whose anarchic frenzy keeps the upstart *Blair Williams* relatively humble. *Blair* (CBS) has reportedly been lured to television by a crew cast of cash to guest-star on one of the most feverishly snubbed series ever witnessed, *Palmer* (CBS/CBC). The latest of several completely produced challenges to *Dick*'s glib soap throne, it presents us its quasi bee, hovering over the vine. *Blair* is California's mosted wine country, the original *Beauvillain*, Jane Wyman. The part is underwritten and precise that the incumbent, Nancy, could pinch-hit without a ripple were Wyman ever indisposed.

There are quasi bees and there are Queens for a Day. With fallment in the maturity of a clutch of mediocrity

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popular "real life" programs. CTV's *Third of a Lifetime* shamelessly reuses footage as handy as becoming a Playboy centerfold and as nostalgic as shooting pool with Minnesota Fats; after four episodes, the program decided its audience. Following the lead of such popular diversions as *Yes, I said for it* and *That's Incredible!*, it is mindbogglingly out of touch with its own viewers, audience to watch this along with the other-banned.

What remains hardest to ignore this season, and is more extreme than even the last few head-to-mouth years, is



David Silver, Lily Combs and Ruth Springfield (seated) in "Maver" in

that programming is increasingly tame. Several times for "new" shows are entered. Instead, they are shuffled around the schedule by nervous executives, tarring possible fans into blood-baths as they spill out their quarry until they drop from exhaustion. Old shows are given new names (Robert Bunker's Place), new characters (Mork) and new "tags and times," the most frequent words heard over television speakers. Competition from cable and pay tv, and even from electronic video games, is eroding the hegemony of the network. Possibly the creative lights of television have so many more options and so many more channels to serve that the drive to create a long-term hit has dissipated. As well, with a plethora of specials, dramas, documentaries and short-term series available, subscribers no longer need to hold themselves in a lockstep series. It is no accident that the only series rightly named in the news, at least the material is guaranteed to be trash. ☐

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# An author in search of a character

CONSEQUENCES  
by Margaret Trudeau  
(McGraw-Hill and Shearwater, \$11.95)

There is something wrong with a book in which the author can say "I see myself as a tragic person" and "I had always dreamed of a pink bedroom" with the same inflection. The most unnerving thing about *Consequences* is not the content—the Hollywood affairs and aimless jet-setting that followed Margaret's breakup with Pierre—but that bright, arrogant tone of voice. Like *Gilda* rhyming all the names of flowers, she describes her suitor and her yellow silk curtains, her travels and her husband, as if everything weighed the same. Margaret Trudeau doesn't seem to know where the emphasis should fall in the ongoing story of her life.

If ever there was an author in search of a character, it is Margaret. So far, power, drugs, fame, motherhood, photography, captivity, freedom and past words or gone shivers have not been the answer. What possibly could be left untried, the weary Canadian may wonder, flipping past the photos of Margaret in a Japanese nightclub? The hopeful flower, offered up at the end of *Consequences*, is a brick house with a porch in Ottawa and co-parenting with Pierre Trudeau. If only the book didn't begin with a blizzard of indolent name-dropping, this florid portrait might be more convincing.



Trudeau: moral fibre in throwing Japanese food at poster of Ryan O'Neal

The worst aspect of Margaret's extra-marital fling with Jack Nicholson and Ryan O'Neal is not the dating but the telling; the names appear to be included for their selling power, not for whatever importance they had in her life. If only she could send herself up as a wild girl with tales to tell and leave it at that. Instead, every fall from grace is bracketed with fake remorse and new culprits and grave how-odd-it's. Her notion of moral fibre is throwing Japanese food at a poster of Ryan O'Neal to signal the end of that escapade. Bad behavior deserves to be floated as such, but *Consequences* tries to offend and apologize all in the same breath.

On the other hand, the potentially serious scenes in the book are reduced to prep and lighting. Here is a scene from the period of her separation from Pierre: "I moved out of the splendid master bedroom as the second door, with its view over the Ottawa River toward Quebec, its bright yellow Thai silk wallpaper, sage brass bed and embroidered Madras linen sheets." Is this a marriage breakdown or a house tour? (In fact, the bedroom overlooks the Ottawa River.) Again and again, the focus slides from a central moment in her life to the truck lighting or the pine



Trudeau: giving an extended house tour

fores. This attention to detail becomes poignant if only the setting were right, the scene to suggest, the would come into focus at last.

Curious again play a role in the most vivid chapter of the book, in which she describes the change made by Norman MacLure when the Clark family moved into 34 Sussex and the Trudoes were tarried over to Stansbury. With surprising candor—an evolved form of consciousness and blurted at in the rest of the book—the attacks the "suburban holocaust" that MacLure installed in the hall and the destruction of her beloved yellow silk curtains. Petty though it is, Margaret shows real light in this section, it rings much truer than her careful generosity toward Trudeau, who is portrayed as long-suffering and fair, if a trifle underconfident.

Not all of the book is off-putting. The description of her dealings with psychiatrists who put her on Thorazine, then on Miltrex, suggest her very real isolation as she tried to sort out her life. But in *Consequences*, Margaret settles her own status as a "tragic person" by giving every appearance of being motivated by charm or a compulsion to confess. If she needs the money, why not seek to television, for which her beauty and spontaneity are well suited? If she needs to explain herself, it would help to cultivate a little more detachment and a sense of humor. The paradox is that although Margaret Trudeau tells all, she ends up revealing very little about the girl inside who has soared and suffered through it all. —MARC JACKSON

# Dick and Jane die of boredom

ON LEARNING TO READ  
By Bruce Bettelheim and Karen Selzer  
(Random House, \$17.95)

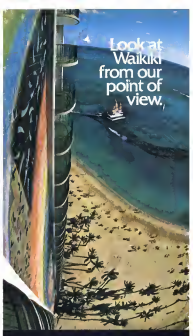
"Janet, Mark, Janet and Mark. Come, Mark, come Mark, come. Come here, Mark. Come here. Come and jump, jump. Here I come, Janet. Here I come. Jump, jump, jump." For millions of North American schoolchildren, this passage represents their first reading experience. It appears in *Janet and Mark*, a supposedly improved version of *Dick and Jane*, but though the names have been altered, the reading effects remain the same. Small wonder serious reading problems are rampant at all educational levels, including university, where literacy classes upon entrance have become standard procedure.

In *On Learning to Read*, eminent child psychologist Bruce Bettelheim and his protégée, Karen Selzer, explain how this tragedy came about. The sense of clarity, wisdom and passion is stunning, and every page is a genuine revelation. Drawing on observations of how children up to Grade 3 are taught to read, Bettelheim points out that a limited vocabulary book such as *Janet and Mark* teaches their intelligence. These books also distort their vulnerable sense of reality by suggesting that the candy-world of *Janet and Mark*, with its realistic situations and strong emotions, could actually exist. Margaret, by rarely showing anyone reading, much less attending schools where satisfying creative work is attempted, they ensure that children lose respect for books and learning in general.

The root of the problem, according to Bettelheim, lies in the distinction between true reading and "decoding." True reading is a search for meaning, an imaginative odyssey engaging the entire personality; children especially are drawn as a flying carpet into the magical world of adult life as they enter. Unfortunately, our educational system teaches decoding instead. It assumes that reading is merely a practical skill, a technology in which words are broken down into constituent parts, alphabetic or phonetic, and painfully reconstructed. In decoding, sense and sensibility are severed, and the magical bond between word and object is destroyed.

This approach to reading rose to prominence in the 1950s, when primers re-created 145 different scenarios; the Yale average was 144, and the *decoding* continues. Why? According to the edu-

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## How not to get fit

Once and for all, we'd like to clear up a few misconceptions about fitness. None of the following approaches represents a sensible way to get fit.

1. The "time yourself if you drop" approach.
2. The "more it hurts the more it works" approach.
3. The "make up in an hour for what it took you ten years to lose" approach.

The plain fact is that exercise does not have to hurt before it is doing you some good. Real gains start long before you reach the pain barrier.

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esters, children are experiencing increasing difficulty in learning how to read; they conclude that children must be getting stupider and that reading should be made easier, i.e., simpler—and, above all, more attractive by providing overabundant pictures instead of text. It seems not to occur to them that their methodology might be at fault and that children are actively rejecting printers simply because they are tasteless, boring, and often use language patterns completely foreign to daily speech.

Bettelheim argues that if children were accepted as intelligent, active learners, after experience, education might be defined as the most reading errors have less to do with "inability" than with a child's subjective interpretation of the text. His case seems irrefutable, yet he leaves its more general implications unexamined. Massive changes in attitude and economic reality would be required to answer his criticism. How many teachers have the time and interest to work around these blocks and give students the special attention they deserve? When developing a new reading series can cost \$50 million, what publisher is willing to risk offending private-interest groups with anything stimulating or controversial? The truth is that we value detached analysis: decoding more than creative reading; every society provides the education it deserves.

—MARK CHAMBERLIN

### MACLEAN'S BEST-SELLER LIST

#### Fiction

- 1 *Nadia Brown, Chevrolet* (2)
- 2 *An Innocent Obsession*, McCullough (4)
- 3 *The Heart Is a Wanderer*, Irving (6)
- 4 *How I Spent My Summer Holidays*, Whelan (3)
- 5 *Body Harm*, Atwood (5)
- 6 *Cape King* (6)
- 7 *The Rebel Aunts*, Davies (5)
- 8 *God Emperor of Dune*, Abbott (4)
- 9 *Famous Last Words*, Paulley (5)
- 10 *Go Slowly, Come Back Quickly*, Rosen (3)

#### Nonfiction

- 1 *The Angelieters*, Newman (1)
- 2 *Plains Across the Border*, Bryson (3)
- 3 *The Art of Robert Bunsen*, Davy (5)
- 4 *The Lord God Made Them All*, Bennett (4)
- 5 *Invitation to a Royal Wedding*, Spink (3)
- 6 *The Gates of Our Lives*, Gosselin (5)
- 7 *Diplomatic Prospects*, Pollock (3)
- 8 *Mrs. de Prospero*, Golding (4)
- 9 *The New Canadian Road Atlas*, Investment Guide, Zimmern (6)
- 10 *Comets*, Squire (3)

(1) Previews last week

## Diminished under the spotlight

A retrospective exhibition is a mixed blessing for all artists. As curators pile into every nook and cranny of an individual career, they hammer out a history that, in its breadth, often extends as it touches. The 60-year retrospective of the work of Toronto painter Gerhard Laikowitz, currently at the Art Gallery of Ontario (AGO) and scheduled to travel to Windsor, Montreal, London, Oct., Calgary and then to England during the next year, is unfortunately no exception. The AGO's curator of contemporary Canadian art, David Bennett, has assembled the 606 works of this highly personal artist with a sweaty earnestness and working completeness that spares none of his less fortunate moments and buries his best work under academic weight.

Laikowitz's career is difficult to see clearly as a whole. It begins in flame and divides in Germany and works its way laboriously through to the large, lastest present works which glory in the virtuosity of the Canadian landscape and the poet Gerrit Mulvey. Hapkins, give gentle praise for "dappled things."

The first drawings in the show were made by the 16-year-old artist by drawing parked cars of watercolor in weak coffee while waiting to die in Buchenwald (his last his entire family in Nazi death camps). The scenes he painted are of unrepentable horror, crude yet powerful, as an agonized drawing from 1941 shows a Nazi soldier ripping a little girl from the crumpled arms of her mother; *Thousand Life* (1947) portrays a woman cradling in her arms two starving children as toy and brittle as old dolls.

Similarly, the pieces Laikowitz painted after his arrival in Toronto in 1949 make up in impact what they lack in skill. In the process of painting the surreal ghostliness of the previous years, he eventually turned his pain in a series of sketches his home town of Kielce, Poland, is put in the torch, his

friends and neighbors small, black stick figures teetering through the jetties like insects.

Only through this dreadful slumping did the artist begin his convoluted journey from excessive pain to his eventual passion for the beauty of nature. From the early '50s on, Laikowitz has painted landscapes of varying styles and vastly uneven quality. Some, such as the wild Apple Orchard (1954), are clunky and full of the forced fervor of his angst.



November No. 1 (1978), glowing in the vivacity of the landscape

teacher, Austrian expressionist Oskar Kokoschka. The atrociously painted Soviet (1948) is a crudely imitated work of a Sunday painter. Still others, such as the pseudo-modernist *London* No. 12 and the empty and bathetic *Tragic* (both 1978), are experiments that didn't work and ought not to have been included. But shining through are few. *Pure Sound* (retrospective of 1965, 67) of the infectious freshness of the Ontario landscape, it dances before the viewer's eyes as if all its colors had come unglued and lifted into the air. And his agonized *Spring* and *Autumn* Reflections (both 1950) are intermingled shimmerings of love and sky which, despite their sheer abnormality,

seem hopelessly alive.

After 1955, Laikowitz's paintings lose their recognizable renderings of nature and break up into the spots and flukes of color that have continued to animate the rest of his work. These phases are joined most productively between sophisticated nonrepresentational color-field painting and the dreamy materialism that so consumes their maker. Most of these paintings, such as the handsome *Room No. 1* (1968-69) on, are pantheons

of sparkling color bits jostling up from under the many layers of flat bright paint. For him, the paintings still portray intellect and shock, the light flickering between the leaves and clouds drifting apart to reveal the colors behind them. The viewer, however, is apt to feel soured by this confusion by the artist's amateur splendor and polished glaze. Exposure to a few is an eye-opening study, a gallery-fall in like witnessing an explosion in a pyrotechnic factory.

Similarly, in the cover, the later paintings tend to remain abstract color studies. At times delicious in their monotony, they are at most only crystallizations of the real world, its color unapplied by Laikowitz into vibrant patterns which vary in their focusfulness. The surreal paintings in the show are compositions of ambiguity. *Moment* (1970) looks like a necklace of tiny molecules, *Night Green* (1961) is both an exercise in arrangement and a bare reveal of a nameless northern river glittering through a wilderness of evergreen.

The intrusive seal of the AGO's retrospective has only served to underscore the bemusement of Laikowitz's later work and the uneven quality of his entire output. While the viewer works some purpose in being so inhibited, his first notions of a delicate earthly paradise end up looking like a cherry overcompensation for his horror past. This is a bag, blaring show which in the end almost obliterated the voice of the artist in set-out to celebrate.

—GARY MEYER, DAILY





The Great Circus of China's dragon dance, when every rotation seems a showcase, a new degree of difficulty is added

## SHOW BIZ

# The enchantment of body Mandarin

Before the advent of mass media, entertainment consisted of watching street folk juggle, or do handstands or balance themselves on a ball. The ability to enchant through the medium of body English—or, in the case of the Great Circus of China, body Mandarin—hasn't vanished from the face of the planet. The circus, as a troupe-Canada tour in its first appearance in the western world, is the best available evidence that there are physical pyrotechnics undreamed of by NASA.

This is not the P.T. Barnum ideal of three-ring show biz, with bejeweled elephants mounted by glumed dobermans. There's may an animal, sure for a made-for-circus pride of two-ton dragon-ions who balance themselves on balls and legs and turn on dragonman platforms of thin metal rods. The on-stage mascot of the Great Circus of China is that when every possible variation on a feat of skill seems to have been exhausted, a new piece of apparatus and a new degree of difficulty is introduced. In response, the audience audibly oohs, aahs and gasps in astonishment. A troupe of limber young men are impressive enough as they dive and twist through an arrangement of hoops less than a meter across—surely, in tandem and in unison. The final frenzies when the hoops are ringed with knives and spikes and set afire add an unsupported

element of danger, but the divers emerge without even a vest garment or staged synchro.

The circus begins with a brigade of fresh-faced young women brandishing multicolored streamers like larval tentacles. Sweet, winning, but no reason to send the senses reeling. It turns out this is just a tease: each act in the circus becomes more brazen than the last. By the time the pole-squatters enter the ring early in the first half, the audience has become entranced not by spectacle but by quiet vivacity. The pace becomes more frenetic as 10 girls enter twirling eight plates apiece on balms for at least 10 minutes, not one hits the deck in spite of the fact that the twirlers are doing somersaults, or footstands atop one another's heads. Shortly after, young men hurl mammoth pieces of Chinese crockery into the air and catch them on their heads. They smack them back and forth in each other and then twirl them on the ring, like so many heavy propellers.

Making do with dices, crockery and other everyday objects is part of a 3,000-year-old tradition still alive in the circus. Used for and tables that would hardly occur to the casual diner are thrown around by Wang Hongchang and Zhao Hong, who lie on their backs and, in split-second synchrony, send them careening in the air like catherine wheels. As a closer, they do the same

with rags. The high-wire acts, which most closely resemble their big-top counterparts in the West, include two-legged acrobats, step-ladders and hoops for riding (though it must be admitted that the performers are secured by gay whips).

The performing tradition in China that perfects these dazzling diversions has at times been brutal. Madame Xie Jie Hua, the prominent 46-year-old leader of the troupe, was sold to the circus when she was 5 and forced to learn seemingly and painful stunts such as hanging from her hair. Though the cruelty does not remain, the obsessive discipline does. Most of the performers in the show are in their seventies, when stiffening limbs make their breathtaking skills unfathomable; they retire to coach a new generation of high-wire stunts, jugglers and acrobats.

One of Madame Xie's protégés, 33-year-old Li Leping, has become adept at perpetuating an ancient act called the Panda of the Bow, crossing a contortionist's act with that of an acrobat and a juggler. The difference between seeing such "special efforts" in a Steven Spielberg film and seeing them live is as vast as the distance from Winnipeg to Wuhan, home of the circus. There's not a child, or, for that matter, an adult in Canada who could view the Great Circus of China and not be left slack-jawed.

—Rita MacVicar

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# The East is unfolding. Maybe.

By Dalton Camp

I hear sad tidings and bad news: A Fatheringham will not be here this week. He is in Pais, British Columbia, then suffering flu-like symptoms by geography. Medical supplies, however, will be flown in from Toronto once the fog lifts, maybe twice, weather permitting.

Further to geography, Fatheringham's Complaint permits the opportunity to bring his several readers news concerning political happenings in Eastern Canada hitherto unrepeated in this space and not yet available even to viewers of *The Journal*. Events unfolding in New Brunswick (this is about Eastern Canada, remember) and within the Liberal party observed are sufficiently incomprehensible as to confound political scientists and other commentators now and far years to come. The Liberal delays represent not just another chapter in the annals of Canadian politics, but more likely the book.

In 1978, where our saga begins, the New Brunswick Liberals had a new leader, Joe Daigle, and a third crack at trying to defeat Richard Blaisfield's Conservatives in a general election. They missed, but only just, the final score being 36 to 38, even though Daigle's Grits stood closer to victory than any opposition elsewhere in the land—a heartbeat or two away, you could say, from power.

Among Joe Daigle's endearing qualities was his enthusiasm for party democracy. Early on in his leadership, he personally introduced the principle of leadership review to his party's constitution. Thus, it came to pass, in February of 1981, that the New Brunswick Liberals convened in Moncton to review their leader. The result, as revealed percentages, was 78 to 20 in favor of Daigle, not quite a rousing endorsement but, all agreed, sufficiently supportive to give the leader a deserved new lease on life. The delegates then departed Moncton, cocking their ears of doubt and wary, and proclaiming a wakened faith in the therapeutic powers of party democracy.

Nine months later, Joe Daigle was on of a job, caulked by his caucus colleagues, 25 of whom, voting in a long-range caucus, elected to him in the end. What we have in the result is a novel

political experiment: the votes of 70 per cent of the members of a duly constituted party congress are less than equivalent to the votes of 25 ordained caucus members.

There will be a Liberal leadership convention later this month, and there are now four aspiring candidates



*If the leader is not accountable to his party, then to whom?*

*Answer: to the caucus.*

*Then to whom is the caucus responsible?*

*Answer: to no one.*

stomping the province, grovelling for support. Needless to say, they are, to a man, anxious to acknowledge the superior wisdom and authority of the party, of the dear rank and file, the blessed grassroots, while pledging themselves, if chosen to lead, to a life of eternal consultation and consultation on a daily basis. Two of the candidates, including the front-runner, were among those who

going against Joe Daigle.

Inspection comes no less easily to portmanteau than does original thought, but at least a few of the rank and file have been able to rid themselves of the gnawing feeling that something has somewhere gone wrong. The president of the New Brunswick Liberal Association, for one, has recently come to the conclusion that it seemed "naïve" to him to have 70 per cent of the party endorse Daigle in February and 25 caucus members dissent in November. So saying, he resigned, a paved man.

Obviously, the mechanism of leadership review was intended to enable a party to remove a leader whose services were no longer required by a majority of those who had originally retained him. But it was also a mechanism intended to renew the leader's mandate, a majority being willing. If leadership review cannot effectively do both, it cannot really do either. In the New Brunswick example, the Liberal party, having voted to retain Joe Daigle and the caucus having voted otherwise, is now obliged to find itself another leader. It logically follows that had the party voted to sack its leader, the caucus could have reversed that judgment just as easily.

Since one of these assumptions has already been proven, and the other can be reasonably assumed, why bother with leadership review at all? If the caucus has the power to veto any party decision with respect to the leadership, what powers are then left to the party? Answer: none. If the leader is not accountable to his party, then to whom? Answer to the caucus. Then to whom is the caucus responsible? Answer: to no one.

Students of the game should note that New Brunswick has long been something of a hibernator in Canadian politics, having tried everything at least once, and this embarrassingly brief encounter of the provincial Liberals with party democracy may herald sweeping changes throughout the country in party practices. Meanwhile some 2,400 assorted Grits are grufing up in accessible in Fredericton to vote on something they have previously voted not to vote on. It's surely a peculiar way of going about things, but so are most other ways. "It's like perspective. No one knows how they do it, either. The hell of it is, they do it anyways."

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